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For "The Times."

THE MYSTERIES OF A NIGHT.

A LIFE DRAMA

OF THE CITY.

BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE GAMBLING SALOON.

In a large, splendidly furnished and brilliantly lighted hall devoted to the mysteries of chance, were seated, three hours later than the moment which witnessed the conclusion of the previous scene, two men whose games had attracted the attention of the majority of the persons present, more from the personal characteristic and circumstances of the parties, than from any skill evinced in their playing.

The youngest of the two was James Edgar, half beside himself with excitement, and with a countenance that was ghastly pale from the effect of his anxiety. His opponent was an older man, and rather robust in his appearance—presenting quite a contrast in person, but a far greater difference in manner—for while Edgar was more nervous than his friends had ever seen him, the stranger was as cool and unconcerned as if merely playing for amusement.

Thus far, nearly every game had resulted unfavorably to the desperate gamester, and hence the terrible excitement under which we find him laboring. Nearly one half of his thirty-five hundred dollars had already left his possession, although it was evident to him, as to all of the observers, that the unknown gambler was playing strictly "on the square," and the game being one of the fairest upon which he had ever wooed the fickle goddess of fortune, "old sledge."

"It beats the devil," muttered Edgar, as the unknown drew the "pile" over to his side of the table for the seventh or eighth time, "that I should hold such infernal hands so long in succession. I'll try a new pack!"

Dashing the cards upon the floor, he approached the bar, turned out a tumbler of raw brandy and drank it off at a draught. Then obtaining a new pack of cards of the proprietor, he returned to the struggle, the stranger receiving him with the same cool smile as before.

"That fellow has his eye teeth cut," muttered Suydam to Livingston, "even if he is not some great character in the Southern or Western profession; but I could cut his throat with a good relish, for baulking our game with Edgar at such a moment."

"And so could I," added Livingston; "but I don't believe it would be hardly safe to create a disturbance for his benefit."

"No," replied Suydam, quickly, "the old man says he will not have his premises especially spotted by the police for any such business. Besides, the Spaniard is an ugly looking fellow, for all his smiles and fashionable flourishes of hand and tongue."

"Yes; and you can go your 'pile' upon his being in no degree alarmed for his safety," replied the other. "I have seen the handle of a revolver in his breast pocket, and ditto of a bowie at his waist. No, no—we may as well let him alone, and if he gives that fool a thorough shaking down, the devil give them both much joy and good of it."

Suydam laughed.

"There may be but little joy for one of the twain," he muttered. "Suicide, sooner or later, or else he may rot in prison for robbing his employers."

The conversation, which had been carried on in a low tone, was now discontinued, and the gamblers followed the example so generally set by the other persons in the hall, of giving their attention to the progress of the struggle for the mastery between Edgar and the Spaniard.

"You are a fool," whispered the proprietor of the gambling saloon to Edgar, after seeing him lose several hundred dollars of his remaining funds in a few moments; "that man is a New Orleans gambler, of the tallest description, and will skin you of every penny you have in the world!"

The miserable young man turned his face to the speaker, and the light fell full upon it. It was deathly pale, and every feature seemed as rigid as marble, but there was an irrevocable look of resolution hereon—such a look as is caused by a consciousness of having gone too far to leave even a forlorn hope in retreat.

The game continued—the young man momentarily becoming more and more excited, while, on the other hand, the Spaniard appeared to grow cooler and cooler as the game progressed—seeming to play without effort, or caring whether he won or not, although it was evident to the professional gamblers around him that he was perfectly familiar with the hidden mysteries of the art, and let nothing escape his eagle eye that had any reference to his success.

"If he cheats," muttered Suydam, to his companion, "he does it with a dexterity that would put our operations in 'old sledge' to scorn; but I am inclined to my previous opinion—that he is really playing an honest game, and is solely indebted to his good fortune for the advantage he has gained."

"And also to the excitement of Edgar," replied Livingston, as he glanced at the pale and haggard looking features of the infatuated youth; "it is evident that he is getting into close quarters, for he plays with less foresight and ability than usual, which is saying but little, for he never was fit to risk a single penny upon any game whatever, even in case of his having an honest chance, which he has never had with us."

Again Suydam smiled, and looked towards the combatants, just in season to see the Spaniard draw the winnings of another successful hand over to his already extensive "pile," and to hear him speak, for the first time during the last ten minutes:—

"You are in very bad luck to-night, Senor; if you think you have already lost enough, I shall be happy to oblige your interests by discontinuing the game until some more fortunate occasion."

"Damnation!" muttered Edgar, with a fierceness that would have been really insulting, but for the abstraction with which it was accompanied; "do not talk to me of discontinuance—I shall follow you to my last dollar, and there is some $1200 yet remaining."

"Just as you please," responded the Spaniard, with a polite bow, as he proceeded to shuffle the cards; "I am as willing to accommodate in one way as another."

"He speaks remarkably good English," observed the proprietor to Suydam, in a low voice, "and has probably plucked a thousand just such fools as Edgar in London, Paris, and other quarters of the fashionable world."

"No doubt; and my impression is, that in ten or fifteen minutes more, our young friend will not have a penny in the world."

The proprietor replied with a smile, and proceeded to give his attention to a new theory of political fusion, just introduced by one of his official friends.

The interest of the bystanders in the result of the struggle became more and more evident, even as if the excitement of Edgar were contagious. The strife was now rapidly progressing, neither of the actors heeding any conversation, and only speaking occasionally, in monosyllables, whenever required by the technicalities of the game.

Five minutes more, and the twelve hundred dollars of Edgar had diminished one third although an old man at his right hand had thrice warned him against staking any thing of moment until his luck had changed for the better.

Great drops of sweat now started out upon the brow of the fated gambler, his face seeming to become even more pallid and corpse-like than before, and his eyes fairly glittering in their sockets, as he ran them over the cards received.

"I beg," he muttered.

"Give you," was the response, as the Spaniard quietly looked over the top of his hand to see what his antagonist would play.

The game now standing six to four, the Spaniard threw down an ace of trumps, and muttered, "out," while he passed the cards over to his companion, and whispering—"your deal," drew two hundred dollars more over to his side of the table.

"Six hundred dollars more, muttered Edgar, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, as he nervously shuffled the cards—"six hundred dollars between me and hell!"

"Pshaw!" replied the Spaniard, as he cut the cards presented to his hand, "do not look so serious over a small affair; as I said before, if you are desirous—"

But a sharp, quick look, and an impatient gesture from Edgar, interrupted the remark, and Senor Albro received his hand in silence, but with an ominous sparkle in his eyes. He "begged," however, much, to the relief of Edgar, who did not hold a trump; and three more cards were dealt to each, diamonds coming up as trumps, and each of the parties appearing to be suited."

CHAPTER III.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Not a word was spoken by any of the parties until this hand was played. It resulted in giving the players two apiece, and a look expressive of satisfaction was visible on Edgar's features.

"A mere mistake of mine," observed Senor Albro, in his usual quiet manner; "I should have been, by all rules of calculation and good playing, three to his one."

"That's true," muttered Suydam; "four higher would have taken his pack, if properly played, and I think its retention was the greatest blunder you have made to-night."

"Undoubtedly, but it's of no account. I do not play for money—merely for amusement, gentlemen, having a fortune independent of all such business."

"You play, however," ventured Livingston, "like a professional, and a very able one."

"I plead guilty to the former 'soft impeachment,' but as to ability, it is a mere matter of chance—all luck, which is even beginning to astonish myself, I assure you."

There was but little consolation to be gathered from this conversation by Edgar, and he silently proceeded to play out his cards, doing the best he could with what he had, but with a disheartening result—the second hand placing Senor Albro four to his three.

"It's your deal," muttered the Spaniard, with the same polite gesture he had invariably used under the circumstances; "and if," he added, with a laugh, "you do not look out for yourself, I shall stand my hand, and go out."

The cards were hastily shuffled, cut, and dealt. The Spaniard run his eye over those he had received, and deliberated for a moment, endeavoring to bring the 'run of the pack' to bear upon his hand.

"I can afford to lose this game," he finally muttered, as he threw down a Jack of trumps, "if the little gentleman does not give me high, low, Jack."

"It's not low," responded Edgar, as he played a ten spot of trumps upon it; "but that undoubtedly gives you the game."

"Possibly, but as I have a ten to lose or save, we will play for it," was the reply, and a moment was thus employed, resulting in favor of the Spaniard, giving him seven, carrying him out, and causing his hand to rake two more bank promises to pay, of $100 each, over to his very respectable and attractive looking pile.

The excitement of James Edgar had now become fearfully intense. The interest of the bystanders had also gradually deepened, for the success of Senor Albro had not often been paralleled by the most sinister of their own operations, although as yet, none of them, not even Suydam and the proprietor, both of them old gamblers, had really decided whether the Spaniard was playing "on the square," or not. The breathless attention of all would have permitted the fall of a pin to be audible, save when a whisper went circling around the group, or when one of the antagonists briefly uttered his "beg," or "give you one," &c.

Five minutes more, and the hand of the Spaniard again traversed the table. Thirty-three hundred dollars were lying before him, which he had won from Jas. Edgar, while two notes of $100 each were all that remained to that unhappy and terribly excited man.

"The fiends will have it so!" he muttered, in a hoarse whisper, while he hastily wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow, and while his form trembled with an agony of axiety and excitement; "only two hundred dollars between me and the grave!"

"Nonsense," said Senor Albro, with a benign smile, as he again waved off the frantic manners of his companion with a polite gesture of his hand; "I never saw a man so easily disturbed by mere trifles; but if, as would appear to be intimated by your manner, you are desirous of playing no more to-night—"

"Silence!" exclaimed Edgar, in a hoarse voice, and with flashing eyes, while he smote his hand furiously upon the table; "what is such a proposition at such a moment but a downright insult? I warn you to trifle with me no more, by making use of such improper and reprehensible suggestions."

"Really," replied Senor Albro, "you are getting beside yourself with ill-humor and—"

"I beg your pardon, senor," interrupted Edgar quickly, feeling that he had gone too far; "I was scarcely aware of what I was saying. We will now go on with the game."

"Two games or one?" asked Senor Albro, as he quietly regarded all of his companion's capital, as contained in the two bank notes we have before noticed.

There was something in the question that startled the listener—suddenly telling him, as it did, how near he was standing to a frightful abyss of ruin and despair.

For a moment he gazed wildly upon his money, and then responded, in a low voice, compressing his lips together like a vice—

"We will follow the old course—one game shall change my misfortune, or end it."

The Spaniard smiled, and reached him the cards. They were soon shuffled and dealt. Senor Albro begged, and the eyes of Edgar suddenly sparkled with a pleasurable emotion, as he responded—

"I give you one."

Again the Spaniard smiled, as he looked around upon the deeply interested observers, and muttered—

"The luck of our friend has finally changed, although at the eleventh hour."

The playing out of their hands, however, did not lead to any brilliant result, the parties simply standing two and two.

"I could have sworn that it would have been three to his one," muttered Edgar, "but there is no telling what is to be until after it is."

"That's a fact," responded Senor Albro, "and it is equally uncertain who will win until the game is ended."

These words appeared to Edgar like the croaking of a fiend, they were so coolly uttered, and there appeared to be such a sinister under-current of self-confidence therein.

"You are nearly done for," observed the proprietor, who had been quietly regarding the changing features of Edgar, and evidently read his thoughts; "he will make seven to your five, depend upon it."

The young man endeavored to smile at this assurance, but it was a terrible expression of misery and despair that flitted over his countenance, as he once more gave his every thought and faculty to the game.

"Four and four," muttered Suydam, a moment later, as the last card of the second hand was played out, evincing this result.

"And it's my deal," added Edgar, as he abstractedly shuffled the cards, "giving me a chance to give the senor one, and go out."

The senor smiled, but knowing that the remark of Edgar was not seriously uttered, he did not allow it to bring a sneer to his lips.

The cards were dealt, and each of the antagonists now looked searchingly at their hands, while the very breathing of the group around them, appeared to be suspended with curiosity and excitement.

"I beg," said Senor Albro, at last, as he slily regarded his companion, who was again running over his cards, and apparently hesitating upon the question presented to him for decision, whether it was best to give him one, or run the cards.

An instant of extraordinary and concentrated interest ensued, and the silence of all the parties was painfully profound.

"I cannot run them," finally observed Edgar, speaking his thoughts aloud; "I have nothing to run to that's worthy of a consideration. I must give you one, carrying you five to my four."

"You give me *out*," replied the Spaniard, in his usual voice, "I shall make low, game."

There was something in the easy confidence of Senor Albro that sent a thrill of despair to the lowest depths of Edgar's soul.

"We will soon decide the question," he muttered, in a hoarse, unearthly whisper, and then, as a deepening look shrouded his features, he met the play of the Spaniard.

Ere another minute had rolled on to oblivion, the assertion of the Spaniard, was shown to have been justly founded.

"Seven to your six," he remarked, with his usually gentlemanly bow, as he placed a ten spot of clubs before the last card of his antagonist, which proved to be a ten of spades, and he drew them both over to his "game."

The Spaniard was indeed the winner, and a murmur went the rounds of the group, to be speedily followed by a wild cry of despair from James Edgar, as he drew a revolver from his bosom, and placed the muzzle against his forehead, with an intention that no observer could have mistaken.

"Lost," he murmured, "lost, forever! My wife—my poor, unhappy Mary!"

An instant later, the weapon was discharged, but not in the position in which it had been placed; for the Spaniard had evidently been expecting some such termination of the young man's folly, and had quietly knocked the weapon aside at the very moment preceding its discharge.

"What, would you baulk me?" cried Edgar, with the frantic wildness of a madman; "would you save me for the gallows, the almshouse, or for the penitentiary? No, it shall not be," and again he endeavored to accomplish the suicidal purpose which had taken complete possession of his mind.

"It won't do, my dear Edgar," said the proprietor of the establishment, as he quietly wrenched the weapon from the hand of the terribly excited man. "I have no intentions of allowing your propensities for shooting to spoil my furniture and carpets, besides giving a bad character to my respectable house; and if you must dispose of yourself in this barbarous fashion, I counsel you to find a more befitting time and place."

The young man sank back, half fainting, into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"Come, come, my young friend," said Senor Albro, as he clapped his hand good naturedly, consolingly upon the shoulder of his victim. "There is a hope of retrieving your loss."

The young man stared vacantly upon the speaker, very much in the fashion with which a lost soul might receive intelligence of a change to paradise.

"I am serious!" continued the Spaniard. "One turn of fortune's wheel will restore the money you have lost to your possession once more."

"But how?" answered Edgar, feebly clutching at the hope that was newly dawning in his bosom.

The Spaniard seated himself before his victim, looked him coolly in the face, and responded:—

"You have a young and beautiful wife. She is now at home—abed—and asleep. You have the night key by which admittance to her chamber can be readily gained."

"Monster!" ejaculated Edgar, trembling with the conflicting emotions that rose up like crushing mountains in his soul.

"Against that key, and your services as a guide to the house, I will stake every dollar I have won from you this night," continued the Spaniard, without appearing to care for the feelings of the victim. "And this is what any person present will tell you is an unusually liberal offer."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO A FRIEND.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

"*God bless her!*" Rev. J. R. of Iowa.

"*God bless her!*" it comes on the tremulous breeze,
When the blue eyes of morning, from orient seas,
With a sunbeam upliftеth my drowsy eyelid,
And lets out the soul that was night-long, deep hid,
To wave the heart-incense that burns in the censer
Of Faith, to the loved and the loving Dispenser;
I smile, for I know, o'er the blue morning sea,
"*God bless her!*" is pleading, in Heaven, for me.

And when the deep purple of breathless midnight,
Is under the moon and the stars' taper-light—
When the white Angel floats through the slumberous air, [fair,
And toucheth pale foreheads, both furrowed and
I think the avenger will gently pass o'er
The "sign" on the "lintel" of *my* spirit-'door,'
And leave undisturbed, the bright mantle of prayer,
That thou hast spread over the slumberer there.

We *parted at morning*, in sweet Autumn time,
Ere the matin-bell sounded its silvery chime;
We know not the future—we'll meet nevermore,
Perchance, till we land on the calm Aiden-shore;
Far, far in the North-land thy grave may be made, [shade,
Or mine, aye, mine *here*, in the Southern-land's
Ere Summer hath opened her violet eyes,
And bathed her bright tresses in sun-beaming skies;
What then? If "*God bless her*," when earth shrouds its light, [night!"
We'll *meet in the morning*, where "there is no

Wm. E. West, the Artist.

Perhaps few artists enjoyed a wider reputation, at home and abroad, than Wm. E. West. Most of his artist life was spent in Europe, where he stood at the head of his profession. He painted a portrait of Lord Byron from life which is universally conceded to be the best one in existence, and which the artist sold for $2,000. Mr. West died in Nashville, Tennessee, on the 2nd December, 1857; and was engaged up to within three days of his death, in painting portraits of some of the citizens of Nashville, and had under way two or three historical pieces.

Henry T. Tuckerman, in his "Artist Life, or Sketches of American Painters," published by the Appletons, gives the following interesting reminiscences of Mr. West, to which his recent death will add a new interest:

"It was his custom while engaged upon the portrait of Lord Byron, to leave Leghorn daily, soon after mid-day, for the poet's villa at Montenero, and apply himself to the picture for two or three hours. On one occasion while thus occupied, the servant announced Shelly, who was immediately invited to enter. At that time he was almost unknown to fame, and the painter observed him in a perfectly unexaggerated mood. We therefore listened with avidity to his first impressions. The day was sultry, and Shelly was clad in a loose dress of gingham, very simple and appropriate. His open collar, beardless face and long hair, as well as thin and slight figure, gave him the appearance of a stripling. He advanced gracefully, raised the hand of Madame Guiccioli, after the custom of the country, to his lips, and assuming an easy posture, immediately entered into a lively conversation with the party. 'Never,' said the artist, 'have I seen a face so expressive of ineffable goodness.' Its angelic benignity and intelligence were only shadowed by a certain sadness, as of one upon whom life pressed keenly, at touching variance with the youth indicated by his contour and movements. Enthusiasm, however, soon wonderfully kindled his countenance and quickened his speech, as he described, in the most vivid and glowing terms, a cave that he had discovered while coasting along the Mediterranean the day previous. The description was so eloquent that his auditors could not but share the delight of Shelly, as he dwelt upon the azure light, the mysterious entrance, the stalactites and transparent water, amid which his boat had suddenly glided as if by magic. Those acquainted with his poetry will recognize a favorite subject in the cavern-talk. What struck Mr. West most forcibly in Shelly's conversation, was its complete self-forgetfulness. His consciousness was lost in his theme. In this respect he presented an entire contrast to Byron. They were suddenly interrupted by a wild cry from the adjoining hall. The illustrious sitter hastened towards the door at the same moment with Shelly, the countess, pale and terrified, vainly entreating and holding him back. It will be remembered that Byron was at this period regarded with suspicion by the Tuscan government, and his residence had been threatened with violence by some of the local authorities to whom he had given offence. Under an idea that the disturbance grew out of these circumstances, the whole party entered the saloon. The instant they appeared, a man rushed past, followed by another with an uplifted dagger; the weapon grazed Byron's cheek, and at the sight of blood, his companion, still more alarmed, strove to draw him toward the great staircase. Before reaching it, Count Gamba, who had heard the tumult in his chamber, was seen running down with half a score of pistols, which he distributed among the party. They all ascended and locked themselves in a room over the front entrance of the villa, where a council of war was held. Meantime the house had resumed its wonted stillness, and Byron expressed his determination to explore the premises. The countess protested with tears against the design, and Mr. West—who as an American had nothing to fear from the police and had lived too secluded to be an object of animosity—in order to calm the lady's fears and enable his friends to solve the mystery, volunteered to reconnoitre. Accordingly, he left the excited group and descended to the *primo piano*. It appeared entirely deserted. He looked into various rooms and threaded several corridors, but the echoes of a closing door or his own footsteps alone gave sign of life. At length he ventured to remove the fastenings of the ponderous door, which at the first alarm had been carefully barricaded. In the midst of the weed grown area was kneeling a villanous looking but evidently frightened Italian, with the moustaches and eye of a brigand, but the air of a penitent, vociferating, gesticulating, tearing his hair, shedding torrents of tears, and invoking either heaven or some intermediate saint. Our painter stepped forth upon the gravel-walk and looked up to the window. At a more tranquil moment it would have charmed his artistic perception. Byron's pale brow, Count Gamba's ardent gaze, his sister's golden locks, and Shelly's spiritual form, were there all clustered together, and each looked and listened with bewildered attention to the suppliant wretch below, whom Mr. West now approached in the hope of obtaining some key to the enigmatical scene. It was long, however, before his impassioned volubility could be soothed, or his mortal terror quieted. It then appeared that he was a servant—the man who had rushed by them with a dagger—and he vowed never to rise from his knees until his declaration was believed that he was in pursuit of one of his fellows who had grossly injured him, and that he had wounded his master quite accidentally, to whom he swore eternal loyalty and devoted attachment. When Mr. West made all this plain to the group at the window, the tragedy immediately became the richest of comic adventures over which to laugh at dinner. But it was not destined to end without the entrance of another famous personage on the stage. The noise of a horse's tread near by, caused the artist to turn his eyes down the avenue, where he saw a gentleman with an olive complexion and dark, lustrous eye, seated in a carriage, and glancing from the window to the still gesticulating servant, and then to himself with an expression of amusing wonderment. It was Leigh Hunt, who had just arrived from England, thinking at the moment that he had only come to find his long expectant poetic friends in a lunatic asylum. We may imagine, with such a re-union, and after such a series of dramatic incidents how the breezy evening of that summer day was spent at the Villa Dupoy.

"At the period when West painted Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, (the engraved copies of which pictures in this country are positive libels upon the originals,) the poet's thoughts were directed towards America. He had not then resolved upon his Grecian expedition, his sojourn in Italy had become annoying from various causes, and he was more than ever disaffected towards his native land. One of our vessels of war was lying in the harbor of Leghorn, and among her gallant officers were some warm admirers of 'Childe Harold.' They sought his acquaintance and invited him to visit the frigate. When he went on board he received a salute, and few compliments ever gratified him so much. He had read in some periodical a review of Wirt's 'Life of Patrick Henry,' and begged Mr. West to procure a copy of the book, which he declared one of the most interesting biographies he ever read. One trait of his intercourse with the artist is so thoroughly characteristic that it deserves mention. As usual, he was very curious to know what the painter thought of him, and finally induced the latter to confess that he did not think him a happy man. Byron was eager to ascertain wherein the contrary was evident. 'I asked him,' said West, 'if he had never observed in little children, after a paroxysm of grief, that they had at intervals a convulsive or tremulous manner of drawing in a long breath. Whenever I had observed this, in persons of whatever age, I had always found that it came from sorrow. He said the thought was new to him and that he would make use of it.'

"Another interesting association of Mr. West's foreign residedee, is his visit to Rhyllon, where he had been invited to paint Mrs. Hemans. There never was a countenance,' says her sister, 'more difficult to transfer to canvas, so varying were its expressions, and so impossible is it to be satisfied with the one which can alone be perpetuated by the artist. The great charm of Mr. Wests' picture is its perfect freedom from anything set or constrained in the air, and the sweet, serious expression so accordant with her maternal character. In her own lines to this portrait, the poetess exclaims—

"'Such power is thine!—they come, the dead,
From the grave's bondage free
And smiling back, the changed are led
To look in love on thee.'

"An unfortunate speculation with one of his inventive countrymen, whose mechanical genius had brought him to London, induced Mr. West, several years since, to return to this country. Some of his more recent works are admirable in their way. He excels in cabinet fancy portraits, and not a few of his efforts of this kind are quite unsurpassed, at least among us. His ability in portrait on a broader scale is evidenced by that of Mr. Calvert, of Newport, R. I. The light and shade are managed with a Rembrandt effect, and the expression and air remind us of Vandyke.

"The analogies between literature and art are more numerous and delicate than we are apt to imagine. The former is ever yielding themes to the latter, while the essential charm of many popular writers is purely artistic.—This is the case to a remarkable degree with Irving, and the principal reason of the enthusiasm his early writings excited among his countrymen, was that they were the first which possessed any native grace and finish of style. The thoughts and sentiments of Geoffrey Crayon are not original or profound, though sweet and natural, but they are uttered in chaste and refined language—in sentences that win the ear, in words chosen with a tact and taste derived from innate perception and a genuine sense of beauty. It is said that Irving in his youth contemplated the profession of an artist: his writings are the best proof of his adaptation to such a life.—His pictures are not sublime, dramatic, or vivid, but they are dreamy, graceful and quiet—exactly such as would afford a painter like Mr. West genial subjects for his pencil: for his taste is fastidious; he delights in exquisite details, and it is a labor of love to him to work over some pleasing design, and bring it to perfection. He is a loyal disciple of the English school, somewhat of a conservative and partisan in art, and one of those students of painting that never travel without a copy of Sir Joshua's discourses. Hence he has little sympathy with his American cotemporaries, and lives chiefly in himself and the past. We find no difficulty, on the catholic principle in which Allston delighted, that of being a 'wide liker,' in fully recognising the claims of this class of artists, of which we believe Mr. West is the best representative in this country. They are of the same fraternity in painting as was Gray in poetry, aiming chiefly at high finish and minute effect, exact, dainty and fanciful.—Among the first successful pieces of this artist were illustrations of Irving's 'Pride of the Village,' and 'Annette de l'Arbre.' The latter, when exhibited at the Royal Academy, drew the attention of the poet Rogers.

"It represented the deranged girl on her lonely vigil on the beach, watching in vain for her lover's return. The appreciation of the bard of memory drew general attention to the picture; his ever-ready sympathy with talent secured the artist his friendship, and this was the auspicious commencement of a long and prosperous residence in London, cheered by the richest companionship. It is not surprising that, after an arduous career as a portrait painter in the West and South at home, and several years of study in Italy, social advantages of professional success he enjoyed in England, should have rendered Mr. West very partial to her school, and that Wilkie and Leslie should be among the names he most fondly cherished."

FROM OUR CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

KNOW YE THE LAND.

BY R. G. STAPLES.

Know ye the land for which my spirit yearns—
For which it daily mourns to soar away?
No changing seasons—an eternal spring, [day;
Which knows no night—where all is endless
Where pearly gates, on golden hinges flung,
Are opened by a sheen angelic band, [brow
Whose starry crowns gleam bright, whose placid
Reveal the glory of that happy land.

Know ye the land where I may quiet rest—
Where this sad soul may view its Maker, God?
No longer fear the bleak world's scornful frown,
But rest, where nought save love and praise is heard;
Know ye that land? 'tis there I long to flee,—
Away from earth, to where my Lord doth dwell,
And pleads the merits of his dying blood,
To save the rebel soul from death and hell.

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

We should not be hasty in forming new friendships, nor in terminating those of long standing.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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Walker and Nicaragua.

One of the most talked of, and yet uncertain movements of the day, is the fillibustering expeditions of Gen. Walker against Nicaragua. His recent re-landing in that republic, capture and return to the United States, has added greatly to his notoriety, and everybody is anxious to know something of this land for which such a struggle is made. We have lately come across some interesting historical facts.

It is well known that Central America has been the scene of aimless revolutions and bitter sectional contests, ever since its separation from Spain in 1821. No stronger indication of its deplorable political condition need be given than the fact that, within thirty years after its declaration of independence, no fewer than *four hundred* persons exercised the supreme power under the Federal or State governments, with the titles of presidents, governors, directors, chiefs, or officials holding position under them. It would be well nigh impossible to obtain and impart a clear idea of the almost infinite variety of political changes thus undergone by the several States. Again and again they passed from separate State sovereignty to Federal union, and from Federal union back to State sovereignty, and each change was accompanied with every species of political and social confusion and misery.—In all these revolutions, the struggle has been between two great leading ideas, the republican and the monarchial or despotic, the former being sustained by the Liberals, the latter by the Serviles.

Since 1819, the government of Nicaragua, which, by its geographical position, is by far the most important of these States, has been ruled, in succession, by Ramierez, as Supreme Dictator; by Barrundia, as President of the National Representation of Central America; by Pineda, as President of the Republic; by Fruto Chamorro, as Provisional Dictator; and by Castellon, Rivas, Walker, and Martinez, as Presidents. At the death of Pineda, toward the close of 1852, the government fell into confusion, which was quieted for the time by the elevation of Chamorro to the provisional dictatorship. Discord was renewed, however, by the approach of the biennial election for President, when Castellon, the representative of the Liberals, became the competitor of Chamorro, the embodiment of the Servile faction, for the presidency. Chamorro was successful, and immediately banished his Republican adversary. Castellon, however, having received aid in men and munitions of war from Cabanas, the Liberal ruler of Honduras, early in 1854, entered Nicaragua, where he was received with favor by the people, and declared Provisional Director. Then began a prolonged contest with the Serviles, under the lead of Chamorro. Finally, toward the close of 1854, Castellon, becoming weary of the fruitless contest, sought aid in California; and in June, 1855, Col. William Walker, with fifty-six followers, landed at Realjo, and formally enlisted in the Nicaraguan army. The Serviles were quickly overthrown, the Liberals were restored, and Walker assumed the command of the army, and all the substantial powers of government.

Rivas was then made President, under Walker's direction, but was soon set aside by him, on the ground of treasonable practices, and Walker was elected by a forced popular vote. The continued, violent, and impolitic aggressions of Walker, aroused the strong and united opposition of the people of the several States; and, finally, after a long and strenuous contest against the national prejudices which his tyranny had evoked, he was compelled to yield to superior force, and on the 1st of May, '57, capitulated in the city of Rivas, surrendered himself and his army and returned to the United States. Since this time Nicaragua has been under the presedency of Martinez, though Walker has steadily continued to declare the country rightfully subject to his executive rule.

Of the movements of Walker since his return to the United States last Summer, we are all familiar. A few weeks since, he re-embarked, with strong re-inforcements, for the land of contention, evaded the vigilance of the American and British Naval vessels, effected a landing and established his head quarters, proclaiming himself Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of Nicaragua. Of his capture by Commodore Paulding and return to the United States, see "The Busy World."

ANOTHER REVOLUTION IN MEXICO:—This ill-fated government has undergone another sudden transition. The intelligence is dated New Orleans, Dec. 25th:

By the arrival, to day, of the steamer Tennessee, the Picayune has received intelligence from Vera Cruz to the 21st inst. and corresponding dates from other portions of Mexico. The news is highly important. The constitution of the country had been overthrown, the federal Congress and supreme court broken up and dispersed, and Comonfort declared absolute dictator, with power to call an extraordinary Congress. The whole capital was in arms and other municipalities, including Vera Cruz, had given in their prompt adhesion to the new order of things.

The revolution in the city of Mexico took place on the 17th instant. The movement was a sudden, bold, and daring one, and crowned with complete success. It was planned by Comonfort and then intrusted to General Paez, who carried it triumphantly into execution, without any active resistance on the part of the people. Indeed, the latter evinced their joy in various ways, and unhesitatingly hailed Comonfort as their supreme ruler.

There were but few arrests made, tho' among the few were several men of distinction. A number of the Ministry sent in their resignations the same day. The latest advices from the city are contained in a letter to the Picayune, dated 19th instant, which represents "everything as going on well."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Notes on Literature.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men.

An acquaintance with the private biography of Goldsmith lets us into the secret of his gifted pages. We there discover them to be little more than transcripts of his own heart and picturings of his fortunes. There he shows himself the same kind, artless, good humored, excursive, sensible, whimsical, intelligent being that he appears in his writings. Scarcely an adventure or a character is given in his works that may not be traced to his own particolored story. Many of his most ludicrous scenes and ridiculous incidents have been drawn from his own blunders and mischances, and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim imparted by him for the instruction of his reader.

Oliver Goldsmith was born November 10th, 1728, at the hamlet of Pallas, or Pallasmore, county of Longford, in Ireland. He sprang from a respectable, but by no means a thrifty stock. Some families seem to inherit kindliness and incompetency, and to hand down virtue and poverty from generation to generation. Such was the case of the Goldsmiths. "They were always," according to their own accounts, "a strange family; they rarely acted like other people; their hearts were in the right place, but their heads seemed to be doing anything but what they ought."—"They were remarkable," says another statement, "for their worth, but of no cleverness in the ways of the world." Oliver Goldsmith will be found faithfully to inherit the virtues and weaknesses of his race.†

He was the sixth of a family of nine children, and his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was a poor curate, who eked out the scanty funds which he derived from his profession, by renting and cultivating some land. The poet's father afterwards succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and removed to the house and farm of Lissory, in his former parish. Here Goldsmith's youth was spent, and here he found the materials for his *Deserted Village* After a good country education, Oliver was admitted a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin, June 11th, 1745. For his education he was chiefly indebted to the kindness and beneficence of his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarini, an excellent man, and ever after affectionately remembered by his worthy nephew. At college, the poet was thoughtless and irregular, and always in want. His tutor was a man of fierce and brutal passions, and having struck him on one occasion before a party of friends, the poet left college, and wandered about the country for some time in the most abject poverty. His elder brother Henry clothed and carried him back to college, and on the 27th of February, 1749, he was admitted to the degree of B. A. He now gladly left the university and returned to Lissory. About this time his father died; and the next two years of his life was mostly idled away among his relations. But it is needless to dwell minutely on a life so well known as Goldsmith's, or one that may so easily be known. His childhood had some eccentricities, and his college career was marked by a few rows and freaks; but with all his wildness, his writings show that the kind heart of his childhood continued fresh to the end, and that his college experience left him, at least, classical knowledge and classical tastes. Having been a medical student in Edinburgh and Leyden, then he became a penniless wanderer on the continent of Europe; after piping to peasants and spouting in convents, he returned to London, and there he began as a drudge to pedagogues, and ended as a drudge to publishers. The amount of desultory composition on every topic, which, for years, he furnished to his employers, must excite our wonder; but that which most excites it, is the general beauty which distinguishes these compositions, and the pittance by which they were recompensed. Herein, however, was the consolation of his privacy. He was just to his own powers; he gratified his own fine taste; labor was mitigated by an inward sense or dignity; and he was saved from that weight of lassitude, which presses upon no hireling with so deadly an influence, as upon the hireling of Literature. At last, he toiled his way to fame; but his expedition outran his prosperity. Accustomed, hitherto, to small sums, moderate ones seemed exhaustless, and on this delusion of a poor man, unacquainted with money and the world, he acted.

Always thoughtless, he now became lavish; he not only spent his money, but anticipated work; he not only emptied his purse, but he drew extravagantly on his faculties. He was in arrears with his publishers for books, not finished, even for books to be written. With much to pay, and nothing to receive; with difficulties pressing on the mental power, which was required in its utmost vigor to remove them; his life was approaching to a crisis. A fever, rendered fatal by distress of mind, and by his own injudicious treatment, carried him off, April 4th, 1774, in the forty-sixth year of his age. Dr. Johnson, who did not often expose his sensibility, was extremely moved; and Edward Burke burst into tears. It was computed that his debts, when he died, amounted to two thousand pounds, upon which Dr. Johnson exclaims, in a letter to Boswell, "was poet ever so trusted before?" So loved, indeed, was Goldsmith, that the tradesmen, to whom part of this was due, murmured no complaint; put no stain upon his memory; but following departed genius with thoughts of charity, their affectionate observation was, that, if he had lived, he would have paid them all. Ay! if he had lived! if he had lived, he would have paid them all; and how much, too, would he have given to the world, in addition to that obligation which the world never discharged! The greater part of the debt which encumbered the last days of his earthly existence, was one for which booksellers held a mortgage upon his mind. To many of these men, his mind was a fountain of wealth; and to us, it is a fountain of instruction and enjoyment. Contemporaries gave Goldsmith a tomb; his venerable companion [Dr. Johnson,] gave him an epitaph; posterity have given him their hearts. Few can see the tomb; few can understand the language of the epitaph; but millions love his genius, and in the memory of their living affections, they enshrine his name.

The character of Goldsmith is one which does not tax analysis; it is felt by instinct; and that happy phrase, "good-natured," defines it with a singular accuracy. Goldsmith's good nature, though it exhausted his purse, did not exhaust itself. It was an unfailing well-spring; it was ever pure and fresh, bubbling from a copious fountain of kindness, and refreshing life around him with streams of gayety, of fondness, and of pity. There was a benignity in him which gave his heart an interest in the humblest creature. Goldsmith's humanity to the poor, generally, was most courteous and most bountiful. His charity would often have been sublime, if the improvidence of his temper did not drive him to contrivances to supply it, which gave it an air of the ludicrous. One morning towards the close of his college course, a cousin and fellow-student of his knocked at the door of his chamber. No reply. He knocked again. Still no reply. He then broke it open. Goldsmith was in bed, literally *in* it, for he was stuck bodily into the feathers. Some poor woman had told him a tragical story; he was without money, so he brought her to the college, and gave her his blankets.

I am compelled to pass from a brief review of Goldsmith's character, to an equally brief review of his writings. The writings of Goldsmith, if they had no other excellence, would be remarkable for their felicitous versatility. The author is successively presented to us as historian, essayist, dramatist, poet and novelist. The few words I can say of Goldsmith, as a writer, will take the order which I have now indicated.

As a historian, Goldsmith accomplishes all at which he aims. He does not promise much, but he does more than he promises. He takes, it is true, facts which have been already collected, but he shapes them with an art that is all his own. He has the rare faculty of being brief without being dry; of being at once perspicuous and compressed, and of giving to the merest abridgment the interest of dramatic illusion. Dr. Johnson set a high value on Goldsmith, if not as a historian, at least as a narrator; and Dr. Johnson was a man, whose critical austerity even friendship rarely softened. Dr. Johnson went so far, as to place Goldsmith above Robertson. When we have taken into consideration Johnson's prejudices against Robertson for being a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, a worth will still remain in the opinion, which we must allow to Goldsmith. Robertson, Johnson represents as crushed under his own weight; or as like a man that packs gold in wool, the wool taking more room than the gold. Goldsmith, he says, puts into his book as much as his book will hold. No man, he asserts, will read Robertson's cumbrous detail a second time; but Goldsmith's plain narrative will please again and again. Johnson remarked of Goldsmith in one of his conversations,—"He is now writing a Natural History, and he will make it as entertaining as a Persian Tale." With these histories of Goldsmith we cannot dispense; a beautiful mixture of the agreeable and the useful, they are dear to us with all their imperfections; they are lessons for our childhood, and relaxation for our maturity. They have a permanent existence in our literature, and they deserve it. They deserve it, not alone for their charms of expression, but for qualities of higher worth; for purity of sentiment, for honesty of purpose, for benevolence of heart, for the wisdom of a liberal spirit, and the moderation of a humane temper.

As an essayist, Goldsmith ranks with the highest in our language. With a keen observation of life and manners, he unites delightful ease; and he softens caustic sarcasm with a pleasant humor. Amidst a varied experience, he preserved a simple heart; and he drew human nature as he found it, with the freedom of a satirist, but never with the coldness of a cynic. The essays of Goldsmith are wise as well as amusing, and display as much sagacity as variety. They abound in impressive moral teachings, in apt examples, and in beautiful illustrations. Serious, when soberness is wisdom, and gay when laughter is not folly; they can prompt the smile, they can also start the tear; inspiration comes with the occasion, in unexpected eloquence, and in unbidden pathos.

To speak of Goldsmith as an essayist, is to suggest a comparison of his merits with writers whose excellence in didactic and humorous composition forms an elevated and a severe standard. But Goldsmith will bear the comparison. He has not, indeed, the undefinable grace of Addison; nor the solemn wisdom of Johnson. But neither has Addison his freshness, his hearty and broad ridicule, the cheerful comicry which will not be satisfied with an elegant simper, but must have the loud and open laugh. Johnson on the solemn themes of humanity, maintains a melancholy grandeur; he sits in despondency and solitude; his general reflections on life and destiny are the deep sighings of a heart that seeks for hope, but has not found it; the pantings of a troubled soul alarmed by superstition, but wanting faith; they are lofty, but cheerless; they are eloquent, but monotonous; they have music, but it is the music of lamentation; they are the modulations of a dirge. Johnson knew well the dark abstractions which belong to our nature; but he did not understand the details of common existance as Goldsmith did. He could moralize, but he could not paint; he has splendid passages, but no pictures; he could philosophize, but he could not create. He has, therefore, left us no special individualities, to which our fancies can give local habitations; he has made no addition to that world of beings, whose population and whose history belong to imagination; he has given it no new inhabitant, none to walk beside the "Vicar of Wakefield," or "Sir Roger de Coverly." As for "Rasselas," he is a declamatory shadow; and cloud-formed as he is, the vapor does not long preserve a shape; for the outlines soon melt into the illimitable expanse of gloomy meditation.

As a dramatist, Goldsmith is amusing; and if to excite laughter be, as Johnson asserts it is, the chief end of comedy—Goldsmith attains it. His plots, however, are extravagant, and his personages are oddities rather than characters. Goldsmith's plays want the contrivance which belongs to higher art; but they have all those ingenious accidents which are suitable for stage effect. They are, in fact, deficient in that insight, which pertains only to great dramatic genius. "The Goodnatured Man" is an agreeable satire on the follies of benevolence, and "She Stoops to Conquer," a laughable burlesque on a very improbable mistake. These two comedies comprise all Goldsmith's theatrical writings. Both of them abound in drollery and strong touches of nature; but they do not give the author an exalted position among dramatists, and they do not promise that he could have reached it.

In refering to Goldsmith as a poet, I have no intention to commit the impertinence of formal criticism. I have an easy and a pleasant work. I have nothing to defend, and nothing to refute. I have only to call up simple recollections, which are endeared to us all by the unanimous experience of a common pleasure. Who has not read "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village," and "The Hermit and Retaliator?" And who that has read them will forget, or not recall them, as among the sweetest melodies which his thoughts preserve?* But to merely mention these poems is sufficient; they are the favorites of all lovers of true poetry. Comment or criticism upon them were useless.

Goldsmith as a novelist has based an undying reputation upon one brief tale. Nor is this tale, critically considered, without grave defects. Yet they are overborne by its many excellences. "What reader could be insensible," says Chambers, "to the charmes of a work so full of kindness, benevolence, taste and genius? By that species of mental chemistry which he understood as well as Sterne, Goldsmith extracted the essence of character, separating from it what was trite and worthless, and presenting in an incredibly small space a finished representation, bland, humorous, simple, absurd, or elevated, as the story might require. The passions were equally at his bidding within that confined sphere to which he limited their range; and a life of observation and reading supplied him with a pregnancy of thought and illustration, the full value of which is scarcely appeciated on account of the extreme simplicity of the language."

"It is needless to expatiate" says Irving "upon the qualities of a work which has passed from country to country, and language to language until it is now known throughout the whole reading world and is become a household book in every land. The secret of its universal and enduring popularity is undoubtedly its truth to nature, but to nature of the most amiable kind; to nature such as Goldsmith saw it. The author took his scenes and characters in this, as in his other writings, from originals in his own motley experience; but he has given them as seen through the medium of his own indulgent eye, and has set them forth with the colorings of his own good head and heart. Yet how contradictory it seems that this, one of the most delightful pictures of home and homefelt happiness should be drawn by a homeless man; that the most amiable picture of domestic virtue and all the endearments of the married state should be drawn by a bachelor, who had been severed from domestic life almost from boyhood; that one of the most tender, touching, and affecting appeals on behalf of female loveliness, should have been made by a man whose dificiency in all the graces of person and manner seemed to mark him out for a cynical disparager of the sex."

The character of Goldsmith, says Giles, is not of the most exalted kind, and though it is endeared to us from its simplicity, it does not command our highest admiration. It wanted self-denial; it therefore wanted the regulated foresight, the austere economy, by which lofty qualities are sustained and exercised. In virtues of the severe cast, that sacrifice is not the least, which, for the good of mankind, makes resignation of popular affections; and if we could perceive what great hearts have in this way endured, instead of esteeming them stoics, we would revere them as martyrs.

Goldsmith is one of those whom we cannot help liking, and whom we cannot criticize; yet he is one that should be praised with caution, if in our age there was much danger of his being imitated. We are too busy for meditative vagrancy; we are too practical for the delusions of scholarship; even with the felicitous genius of Goldsmith, the literary profession would now be an insecure basis for subsistance, and none at all for prodigality. Extent of competition, the rigor of criticism, the difficulty of acting on an immensely multiplied reading public, repress the efforts of variety; yet, except in few instances, they do not compensate the efforts of power; the vain are driven to obscurity, but the powerful have little more than their fame. And though we possessed the abilities of Goldsmith, and were tempted to his follies, his life is before us for a memento, and his experience is sufficient for a warning. Yet it is agreeable to lay aside our prudence for a little, and enjoy with him, in fancy at least, the advantage of the hour; to participate in his thoughtless good nature, and to enter into his careless gayety; to sit with him in some lonely Swiss glen; or to listen to his flute among the peasantry of France; or to hear him debate logical puzzles in monastic Latin; to share the pride of his new purple coat, which Johnson would not praise, and which Boswell could not admire. More grateful still, is the relief which we derive from the perusal of his works; for in these we have the beauty of his mind, and no shade upon his wisdom; the sweetness of humanity, and its dignity also. * * It is always pleasant to take up the tranquil pages of Goldsmith; to feel the sunny glow of his thoughts upon our hearts and on our fancies the gentle music of his words. In laying down his writings, we are tempted to exclaim, "O that the author of "The Deserted Village" had written more poetry! O that the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" had written more novels!"

Ere closing this article, and which is principally a condensation of the views of other critics, it were meet to say a few words about this edition of the works of the favorite of my youth, and still one of my favorite authors. This edition comprises all of Goldsmith's works except his histories; and it is the first complete edition of his miscellaneous writings published in any country. And then the excellent manner in which it is presented to the public, demands strong commendation, and renders competition useless! No admirer of the works of Goldsmith, and, believe me, they can be counted by millions, could desire a more convenient, splendid and worthy edition of those golden thoughts which cheer the weary mind, than this one. In it are combined both beauty and splendor, durability and cheapness. It always makes my heart glad to meet one of my old and early friends arrayed in such becoming apparel as Goldsmith comes to me in this publication. And the motives of our worthy publishers are deserving of commendation in another respect,—for the admirable company in which they have placed Goldsmith—of Addison, Johnson, Lamb, Fielding, Swift, Sterne, Hazlitt, Hunt, and others. Goldsmith is here one of the series of "British Classics," now in course of publication by our publishers. There is no series of books published in our country more worthy or valuable than this series of "British Classics," and no scholar or lover of polite literature should be without it. I have heretofore spoken of this admirable series of re-publication at length, and therefore deem it unnecessary to go into further detail upon that subject here.

After all that can be said and written about Goldsmith, the best commentary upon his life, genius and writings that I can give, and which expresses my opinion exactly, is, as I lay down his works, the familiar expression of "Poor Goldsmith."

*The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith: including a variety of pieces now first collected. By James Prior, 4 vols. 12 mo sheep. New York: Derby & Jackson, Publishers, 1858.

†Irving's "Life of Goldsmith," page 17.

*Henry Giles' "Lectures and Essays."

THE BUSY WORLD.

Capture of Gen. Walker.

As stated elsewhere, Gen. Walker and his men had effected a landing in Nicaragua. By reference to a map, it will be seen that his position was well selected, having landed at Point Arenos, the mouth of the San Juan River, which forms the outlet of Lake Nicaragua. And a company of his men had ascended the river to Fort Castillo, on the lake, thus opening a safe route to the interior of Nicaragua.

But on the 8th December Commodore Paulding arranged a number of war vessels in front and on either side of Walker's camp, with howitzors and cannon, and having landed 400 marines, summoned Walker to surrender, which he did, having no means of escape.

Walker was sent to New York and his men, 140, to Norfolk. His arrival has created a great excitement in all parts of the country, as the Government, through Gen. Cass, refuses to recognize him as a prisoner, having no authority to land her forces on a foreign territory to make the arrest. Walker was, therefore, released, and has left Washington for the South.

Com. Paulding throws the responsibility of Walker's arrest upon the government, as the instructions which he received were of such a character as to justify, in his estimation, the course he pursued. But of this, a settlement will be made between the Commodore and the government, he having been ordered home for that purpose. The Washington *States* says—

"We believe the popular desire will be for the dismissal of Commodore Paulding. He had a special routine of duties to perform; and we doubt if his instructions warranted him in going as far as he did. If so, this case presents the second in which officers of the United States self-instructed themselves to capture General Walker. Secretary Toucey, in his report, says that Captain Davis had no authority for acting as he did; and we are strong in the belief that Commodore Paulding equally exceeded his instructions."

Of the public sentiment, the following will indicate—

Mobile, January 2.—A great indignation meeting was held here this evening in reference to the seizure of Gen. Walker. Resolutions were passed censuring the Administration, and demanding Walker's restoration to Nicaragua, and the repeal of the neutrality laws. Prominent Democrats denounce the intervention of the Government in invading Nicaragua as outrageous.

New Orleans Jan 1—The Nicaragua meeting Thursday night was largely attended, and a high degree of enthusiasm prevailed. Resolutions were adopted by acclamation, denouncing Commodore Paulding, and demanding the Government to restore Gen. Walker to Nicaragua.—Speeches were made by Mr. Tabor, and several prominent citizens.

RICHMOND, January 5.—Resolutions were introduced into both branches of the Virginia Legislature, on yesterday condemning the arrest of General Walker and his men by Com. Paulding.—These resolutions will come up for consideration in a day or two, and we shall then learn their fate. It is somewhat probable that they will be indefinitely postponed—upon the ground mainly that the Legislature has no time. its session being limited, to devote to the consideration of such a subject.—It is obvious, however, that there is but a small minority in either branch of the General Assembly in favor of sustaining the illegal and unjustifiable conduct of the boastful and self-important Commodore.—In a word, an overwhelming majority of the people of Virginia, while decidedly opposed to fillibustering, are justly indignant at the intraction of international law involved in the seizure of Walker and his men.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR:—The Wilmington *Journal* of Wednesday says—

It is our painful duty to announce the death of T. Burr, Jr., Esq., Editor of the Wilmington Herald, which took place last evening, at the residence of his father, in this town. His disease, we believe, was typhoid fever.

Latest from Kansas—Civil War.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 23.—The Legislature of Kansas has repealed the law authorizing the Calhoun (Lecompton) convention. It has also passed, over Governor Stanton's veto, a bill recognizing the militia of the Territory, of which Gen. Lane has been appointed major general. The militia law establishes a militia board, consisting of a major general, inspector general, adjutant general, quarter-master general, commissary general, eight brigadier generals and the commander-in-chief, or Territorial Govenor. This board, or a majority of it, has power, and it is made its duty, to organize immediately the militia of the Territory. It is also competent to call out the militia to muster or drill, in case of emergency, or at a call of a civil officer, take charge of the arms, &c.

The Legislature has finally adjourned. Gen. Denver, the new Governor, is at Lawrence.

War has broken out in the south part of the Territory. Several men have been killed. A requisition has been made on Secretary Stanton for troops.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 24.—A Kansas letter to the Democrat, says, that on the evening of the 16th, a battle occurred at Fort Scott, between the Pro-Slavery and Free-State men.

Five of the former were killed; among them was Blake Little, a member of the Lecompton Convention. Several were wounded on both sides, and twenty Free-State men were taken prisoners and confined in the Fort.

The Missourians were assembled in strong force on the border, and more fighting was apprehended.

The difficulties grew out of the fact that Clark, notorious as the murderer of Barber, two years since, went about, accompanied by a Deputy Sheriff, collecting taxes of the Free-State men, and seizing their property in default of payment, making prosecutions under the rebellion law.

Important from Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—The Cabinet has at last taken ground that Walker was interrupting the transit route. The fire-eaters are terribly enraged. Toombs, in the Senate, and Quitman, in the House, will offer motions on Monday against the Cabinet policy, and defend Walker. A scheme is on foot which will demand the presence of all the Black Republicans on Monday.

Gen. Scott arrived here last night. He is closeted with the President and Secretary of War. Their deliberations are supposed to refer to the Utah expedition, and to the best means of reinforcing Col. Johnson's army.

Kansas advices confirm the death of Clark, the murderer of Barbour. An invasion from Missouri is anticipated at the election on the 4th instant. The Free State party have resolved definitely to take part in the election.

Messrs. Shields and Rice, the newly elected Senators from Minnesota, have arrived in Washington. The House Committee on Foreign Affairs, have the Nicaragua question under consideration

Gen. Cass expresses in private his unqualified condemnation of Commodore Paulding. The excitement here is very great. That glorious old hero Gen. Quitman, denounces Commodore Paulding in round terms.

The President feels very sanguine that the Lecompton Constitution will pass Congress. There is no danger of it in the Senate, and not much doubt about it in the House. The position of affairs will be so peculiar that all will be anxious to get Kansas out of the way.

Brevet Col. Harvey Brown, of the 2d Artillery, has been ordered with the companies and officers in his command, to immediately proceed to the organization of a school for artillery peactice at Fort Monroe Virginia, of which he is appointed Commandant.

A weekly mail having been established by the Postmaster General from Leavenworth to Fort Kearney, the mail between that point and Fort Laramie will be transmitted by the command at Fort Kearney; and between Fort Laramie and the nearest station to the troops for Utah by the commandant of Laramie as near as possible.

These mails are to be semi-monthly, leaving on the 1st and 15th of each month.

Ten of the most reliable and experienced of the Deleware and Shawnee, civilized Indians, with fifty mules and four light wagons will perform the service.

SUCH A FORTUNE.—Mr. John Martin, of London, is being put in possession of the "Jennens property," which for so long a period has been without a recognized heir. The sum, in cash, he inherits, amounts to the inconvenient sum of £3,000,000, while his income will be $250,000 per annum. The inheritor has been wretchedly poor all his preceding life.

THE CANAL BETWEEN THE TWO OCEANS:—It will be remembered that Congress at its last session, appropriated $25,000 to meet the expenses of an expedition, the object of which was to make a survey of the Atrato and Turando rivers, with the view of constructing a ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Lieutenant Craven, of the Navy, and Lieutenant Michler, of the Topographical Engineers of the Army, were appointed to the work, and with the necessary hydrographical and topographical assistants set sail on the 12th of October last from New York for the Gulf of Darien. They arrived at Carthagena on the 3d of November, and have been engaged there in collecting information relative to the country which they are to explore.

A MAGNIFICENT CITY:—Great Salt City is laid out on a magnificent scale. It is four miles in length, by three in breadth, the streets running at right angles, and one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, with side-walks twenty feet in width. Each building lot contains an acre and a quarter of land; and a stream of pure water running through the city is made, by an ingenious plan, to flow on each side of every street, and to irrigate every lot.

COMMENDABLE:—Speaker Orr has announced his determination to enforce strictly the rule prohibiting the custom of bringing liquors into that part of the Capitol under his especial charge. This, if strictly followed out, is a species of reform very much needed, and cannot but be productive of good effects. It is unfortunate, however, that he cannot extend the operation of the rules so as to prevent certain members from surreptitiously bringing the article into the building in their stomachs.

Punch teaches book keeping in three words—"Never lend them."

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET Jan. 7,
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 16½@18; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 20@; Coffee 16½, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 50@0.00 Meal 50@0.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 15; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@0.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 16½@18; Molasses 50@ ; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@0.00, white 75@0.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@3; Rice 8@0.00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 12½@14, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Jan. 6.
Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon, heground 17 @ , western sides 16@17, western shoulders 14@15, hams 15@14; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 26@27; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 55@56; Cotton 10½@0.00; Coffee, rio 11½@12, lagura 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 6.00@0.00 extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 8.00, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $65, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 80@0.00; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 35@40; Mackerel, no2. 10.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@ ; Oats 65@0.00; Rosin, no. 1, 5.75@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@0.00; Salt, alum 98@00, sack 1 00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 35½@00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 2 15@0.00, hard 1.15@0.00; Tar 1 10@0.00; Wheat, red 1.00@0.00, white 1.15@000

NORFOLK MARKET Jan. 4.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family,	6.75@7.00	*Flaxseed*,	1.00 a
Extra,	6.75a	*Beeswax*,	25 a
Superfine	6.00a	*Dried Apples*, ♈ bu. of 28lbs	1.25a2.00
Corn, Mixed a	W.50a51	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ♈ bu.	None.
Yellow,	58a60	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	10½
Wheat, White.	No sale.	do. Sides	11a
Red,	do.	N. C. & Va. Hog round,	13 a
Cotton,	9a10	*Staves*, R.O. hhd.	35.00
Peas, Black Eye,	1.25	W.O. pipe.	
Red & Black,	1.00	do hhd.	42.00
Lard, N.C a Va. no. 1.	12	do bbl.	
do do 2.	12		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.50		
do 3.	9.50		

Remarks.—Flour—receipts not true good, the street has increased since our last and it is rather more dull and difficult of sale. Corn arrives freely and is taken at quotations for Eastern order. Cotton is dull. Black Eye Peas are in fair supply and meet ready sale, being wanted. Flaxseed, Beeswax and Dried Apples sell at quotations. Bacon—new Western sides and shoulders are now low enough to induce purchasers.

Business Cards.

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 531y

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER
LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE.)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*
MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lamar House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

H. C. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY
SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

R. M. MURCHISON,
Commission Merchant,
No. 104 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.
USUAL ADVANCES ON CONSIGNMENTS.
(102:.6m)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—Hon. T. Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. & H. Williams, Person. 6:1y

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(65::1y:) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

DR. WM. C. SMITH, HAVING located in Greensboro, will attend all calls in town or country. He may be found at all times at his office, adjoining R. G. Lindsay's Store, formerly occupied by Dr. Freeman.
(92::3m)

J. WOODRUFF LEWIS, DEALER in Books, Stationery, Music, Magazines and Newspapers.
AGENT at the North for the Greensboro, N. C. "Times."
New Britain, Conn.,

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.
References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigg; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8:1y.

AMBROTYPES, CAMEOTYPES and Melaneotypes in Cases, Lockets or Pins taken in the best style of the Art. Immediate application should be made as my stay here may not be long. Gallery in the second story of J. & F. Garrett's New Brick Store.
Dec., '57 A. STARRETT.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.

AN EXCELLENT Assortment of Hats and Caps may be found at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL.

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

Annals of Southern Methodism, 1856, Deems' for sale by
June 24. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

All kinds of Blanks for sale.

THE TIMES

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

EDITORS.
E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.
ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C

SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1858.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year	$ 2.00
6 Copies "	10.00
10 " "	15.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

EXCHANGES:—Our list of exchanges is very large numbering many more than twice our force could read. After this week, we shall trim it considerably, retaining only such as wish an exchange with us. Should we inadvertently strike off any who have published our prospectus or noticed us editorially, the correction will be made cheerfully.

A FESTIVAL:—We are requested by the ladies of the Methodist Church to state that a Festival will be given in the basement story of said church on Friday night, 8th inst. The proceeds are to be applied to the furnishing of the Parsonage. The ladies and gentlemen of the town and vicinity are respectfully invited to attend. Admittance fee 25 cents.

GUILFORD EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION. The next regular meeting of this association will be held on Saturday, 9th January, in the Hall of the Greensboro High School. We would remind the friends of education, in Guilford, that it is especially important that they all be in attendance on that day if possible, as the business to be transacted is of vital importance to the association. The time of meeting is 10 o'clock, A. M.

TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.—The next in the series of monthly Temperance addresses will be delivered, by Prof. Sterling in the Methodist church, on Monday night next. The citizens of town and country are especially invited to attend.

CHRISTMAS:—Contrary to our anticipations, the Christmas, just passed, was one of the most pleasant we have ever spent. The morning was ushered in with falling snow, which covered the ground some four inches deep. It had the very agreeable effect of softening the tight sinewed faces of the panic, and every countenance wore a rosy smile. The point of greatest interest was in Greensboro Female College, most of the young ladies remaining in the institution, instead of returing home; and for their entertainment, much to the delight of some *not* connected with the College, visitors were received in the parlors every night by the Faculty and young ladies.

ECLECTIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE:—The January number for 1858 has been received. This number alone is embellished with 14 beautifully engraved portraits by Sartain: Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Wordsworth, Lockhart, Prof. Wilson, etc. It surpasses all its antecedents. Its contents are rich and varied, from the foreign Quarterlies and Magazines; 14 portraits, 15 biographical sketches, thirty-eight articles in all, full of interest and instruction. It contains the cream from all the Foreign Monthlies and Quarterlies, whose articles are from the ablest pens of England; thus making it the best magazine of permanent value published. Each number contains 144 pages, making three volumes a year of nearly 1800 pages, and for the year 1858 will contain 25 portraits or beautiful engravings. Terms $5 a year, or taken with the *Times* $6. W. H. Bidwell, Editor, New York.

THE NORTH CAROLINA PRESBYTERIAN:—Such is the title of a new paper, the first number of which is upon our table. It is published in Fayetteville, and as its name would indicate, is the organ of the Presbyterian Church of North Carolina. Rev. Geo. McNeill, Jr. and B. Fuller, Esq., are the editors, and for the superior excellency of this number, in size, typography and contents, they deserve the unlimited confidence and patronage of the church they are so faithfully serving. Besides the usual reading of such papers devoted to church interests, we find a large and well selected variety of secular reading and correspondence, together with the foreign and domestic news of the day. Terms $2 in advance.

WALKER RECRUITS: It is stated that six hundred men left Texas for Nicaragua on the 21st December, and that one thousand four hundred others are now in Mobile and New Orleans, awaiting shipment.

CONGRESS:—On the 24th December, both branches of Congress adjourned over to Monday 4th January, for the purpose of spending the Christmas holydays in the usual manner. Previous to the adjournment we believe the only important business transacted was the passing of the bill in reference to the issuing of Treasury notes, which had been discussed for several days in both the Senate and the House. It is stated that the new Treasury notes will be issued in about a fortnight. Contracts for engraving the plates have already been made. The denominations of the notes will be one hundred, five hundred, and one thousand dollars.

Both Houses having now re assembled, after a short recreation, we may expect sterring times from this to the close of the Session. We shall continue to report the proceedings faithfully for each week, arranging them in such a manner as to occupy as little space as possible, yet at the same time to give every item of importance.

Leisure Readings;

OR

A few of the best things

WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

In noticing an address by Moody B. Smith Esqr., of Wilmington, in the last issue of the Times, we presented some observations on "beginning life," the "province of the Scholar" and why so many are not successful. In pursuing the same train of thought, we must look upon the great mass of young men as nearly equal in natural abilities; though some perhaps may in a degree excell in one particular department and some in another. They all may have obtained an education; they have abilities to comprehend their studies with ease; they stand well as mathematicians, linguists, logicians; have taste for the fine arts; love and appreciate poetry and music, yet they have no evidence of *genius*. They have great ambition to succeed in something—their cry is,

How shall we succeed?

Did you ever see a man in love with vice, continually at his cups, casting everything aside for his degrading pleasures.—Constant to them, day and night? Did you see these things, and had you any doubt of his ruin—speedy ruin? The rule works both ways. When you see a man that loves his profession, entirely absorbed in it; toiling day and night; bringing everything he meets with to his aid, and discarding all other pleasures, you may have no doubt of his success. Do you want success? I know of but one way to obtain it. Make yourself worthy of it. A man is ambitious; he wants position; he wants high station; he schemes for it; he brings his friends to his aid; he spends his fortune freely, and he fails. Had he spent the same energy in making himself worthy of the position, he would have obtained it. There is a standard of excellence that will always succeed, *ceteris paribus*. Reach that standard and maintain it. This is all you have to do. Your competitors are arrayed against you. What they, all or each, might accomplish, is not the question, but what they will accomplish, experience teaches, and gives us an infallible rule. It teaches us that the standard of excellence necessary to success is in the power of any substantial mind.

Few statesmen have acquired as high a position as Edmund Burke. Few have left behind them as much to be admired, and few have labored as hard. Before Burke was twenty-five years of age he had acquired a brilliant education; he had become well versed in the laws of his own country; well versed in the law of nations; he had studied profoundly, and written upon philosophy—upon the fine arts, and upon the policy of his government. And so severe were his labors that his health gave way and his friends were alarmed for him. And this labor was the habit of his life. This labor he continued till near seventy years of age. The impeachment of Warren Hastings was before Parliament some thirteen or fourteen years; the trial lasted seven.—Burke was the head and soul of the impeachment, and it has been said by one capable of judging, that no man in England could have equalled Burke's speech upon that occasion. Was it that no man in England possessed equalability? That was not the reason given; but that no one knew what Burke did. In the language of one "he had brought the East to England." He had learned everything that could well be learned of the nations supposed oppressed and misgoverned. He knew their geography as well as he did that of his own native county of Duplin. He knew their laws as intimately as he did those of England. He knew their arts and sciences, their customs, their habits, their motives of action, their courage, their ambition. Neither did he stop here, but every law of every nation within the reach of civilization was brought to bear. Laws and customs of the most remote nations of the East, brought down through the dim light of tradition and eastern civilization, were seized upon, and their light thrown upon the subject in controversy. This was done by years of labor, and this made Burke superior to his contemporaries; and he continued to labor until over-exertion was the immediate cause of his death. I have shown you one of the first of statesmen, and one of the most severe laborers. I think it would be difficult to point to a great statesman that was not a great laborer.

I will now call your attention to the king of orators. Of all the world has seen, Demosthenes stands pre-eminent. And in him we have an example where genius failed and labor succeeded. Demosthenes, all admit, had genius; to this he added labor and study. He practiced speaking with pebbles in his mouth, to overcome a natural defect. He spake by the sea-side to accustom himself to the bustle of an assembly. At length he tried his fortune as an orator, and failed. Yes, Demosthenes was hissed from the Athenian stage. Then shone forth those qualities that made the man,—determination and perseverance. He secluded himself from society. He labored in his cave out of the sight of men. Again he spake with pebbles in his mouth. Again he spake by the roaring of the sea. Again he came forth [illegible] Athens was charmed with his powers. Labor had won what genius had failed to obtain. It was labor that made Demosthenes. It was labor that has carried his fame through twenty centuries, only to find no equal. We have spoken of some of the first of all those whom the world say had genius, and we find that genius required the aid of toil. Let us now see what labor can do without great genius. I shall here give the advocates of genius all the advantage they can desire, for I shall take the poet.

All lovers of the beautiful are acquainted with Grey's Elegy; and who among them have not repeated a thousand times

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
"The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
"And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
"And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
"Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
"And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

These were the last lines upon the tongue of Webster, so true an appreciator of the beautiful. They were loved and repeated by him at the door of death.

They were upon the tongue of the brave Wolfe, on that night, whilst dropping down the river to scale the hieghts of Abraham, where he fell so gloriously on the next day. In a moment of enthusiasm he exclaimed, "I would rather be the author of that poem than to take Quebec."

This poem has great fascination, yet the world have agreed that Grey had little genius. He was many years writing this beautiful elegy, and it contains nearly all the merit of his works. One of his admirers has regretted that he ever published anything else, thus showing to the world that this elegy was not a burst of genius, but the combined result of taste, judgment and labor. Yet this is extraordinarily beautiful, and carries with it a lasting hope to the diligent and persevering.

I will call your attention to one other, and that the first of Americans, Washington Irving. No one pretends he has great depth of thought, great brilliancy or strength of imagination;—yet who gives the world more pleasure. His life has been spent in perseveringly collecting the flowers of history and romance, and weaving them into beautiful garlands,—This has been the labor of his life, from the Knickerbocker to the life of the Father of his Country. He has done what none but himself would have done, but what many have the ability to do.

I have attempted to show you by examples, that genius is worthless without labor; that labor rightly directed can accomplish greatness without the aid of great genius. This is in harmony with the designs of our creator. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." Labor is the lot of man. Labor is his doom.—Labor is a duty. Labor is a virtue. Labor gives happiness. I have shown you that the only way to obtain the rewards of greatness is to make yourself worthy of success, and you will obtain it. Whatever profession you may choose, fill your mind with its principles. Fill your mind with everything that appertains to it, and when your knowledge and powers are called for, let them gush forth like a full fountain—a fountain never dry.

HON. JAMES L. ORR.

The present Speaker of the House of Representatives, we beleive, is the youngest man that has ever been elected to that honorable and important position. With a continuance of life, he is destined to a yet brighter future and the annals of our country's history will often be brightly illumined with his name. Of his early history, the readers of the *Times* may feel some interest to know. We gather the following from the Washington *States*;—

"He is now in the prime of life, and in the full maturity of mental vigor. He will be thirty-five years old next May, having been born on the 12th of May, 1822, at Craytonville, in Anderson district, South Carolina. His family came from North Carolina, where his grandfather, (John Orr) imbibed those principles of patriotism which evinced themselves in the early Declaration of Independence, and on the heights of King's Mountain, and on the plains of Guilford. These principles and precepts descended to his sons, and were early and deeply instilled on the mind of the subject of this sketch. After a preliminary elementary education in the schools at home, in the eighteenth year of his age, he entered the University of Virginia. After graduating in the schools of moral philosophy, metaphysics, political economy, and medical jurisprudence, in 1842 he entered the law office of Judge Whitner, and was admitted to the bar of South Carolina in May, 1843. He opened a law office at Anderson, within a few miles of his native place, and soon engaged in a large and lucrative practice; but the more attractive allurements of politics, a theatre in which he was destined to act and to become distinguished, called off his attention and energies. He became the editor of the Anderson Gazette, and wielded a trenchant pen in defence of Democratic principles. So acceptable were his services, that the next year (1844) he was a candidate for the Legislature; and such were the energies he displayed and the ability he manifested, that he was elected by an overwhelming majority over his Whig opponents, receiving about 2,500 votes. His career in the Legislature was brilliant and triumphant, marked by devoted patriotism, liberality, and ability. His speeches, on giving the election of the Presidential electors to the people, and on affording aid to the railroads from Columbia to Charlotte, and Wilmington and Manchester, and on other subjects, placed him in the front rank of the statesmen and orators of a State that has presented such a galaxy of talent in the annals of history. In 1848 he became a candidate for Congress, and over an able and experienced opponent he was elected by a majority of nearly seven hundred votes; and in December, 1849, took his seat as a member of the Thirty-first Congress, and which he has continued to hold by repeated elections to the present session, when he was elevated to the Speaker's Chair by a unanimous vote of his party."

LUCKY LOAF:—A new subscriber, writing from Mississippi, says—"I was in Yazoo City last week, and having purchased some bread from the baker's shop, it was wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. On my way home, having nothing paper and see what it contained. I found it was the *Times*, and on reading even the little piece I had, was so well pleased with it, that I herewith send $2 for one year's subscription."

We are truly obliged for your compliment, and permit us to suggest that perhaps your neighbor would also like to subscribe, if he could see a copy of the paper.

FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.

Christmas—Snow and Poverty—Robert Finn, the youthful Judge—Exhibition of Paintings, &c.—A Fund for the Poor—Three men to be hung—Donnelly, the young Murderer—A warning to the dissipated youth, &c., &c.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26, 1857.

Dear Times:—Christmas is past. It passed off very quietly up here with the exception of the noise made by the 'young uns' who were fortunate enough to get something in their stockings. For my part, I enjoyed myself very well although I did so with very little blustering. On Christmas Eve, I must confess, I did take a 'nip'—just one—which put such a fuddle into my head that I was 'afeard' to run the risk of taking another. But Christmas comes but once a year, and when it *does* come it comes in earnest, like a regular old-fashioned 'north-easter,' and if a man don't make the most of it while it is on hand (like a 1000 of brick!) let him suffer the consequences of the remorse, which must naturally follow such indifference to the joys and merry gatherings of Christmas.

As I write the snow is falling and (ten to one) if it don't stop we'll have sleighing! The pavements begin to grow white, and those who are out hurry along as tho' it were better to get home as quick as possible, and enjoy the comforts of a cheering fire, the prattle of children and the smiles of *mother*. But the poor! those whom privation has blighted—whose hearts are loaded with sorrows—whose little ones ask for bread in vain! Where are their bright and comfortable fires? Where are their joys? There was a time, perhaps, when they could smile and make merry on Christmas day—when they could sit down by their own firesides and recount the pleasant incidents and pure joys of their past lives. There was a time, perhaps, when they had friends to grasp by the hand—when they had lips of love to press—when the future seemed bright and full of promise, and when they had all that heart could wish. Oh, ask me not why they are now so destitute. Adversity may have done it, or, perhaps, the want of sufficient moral power to resist the alluring temptations of "the worm of the still," may have reduced them to poverty. Yet they have hearts to feel; and the tears they shed, flowing so often and freely from the eyes of broken-hearted wives and mothers, are too sacred to meet with the gibe and uncharitableness of those who have not hearts to sympathize with the down-trodden. May the snow that is now falling gather tenderly around their lowly doors, and may the blessing of God be theirs, yet, and restore them to the joys and comforts of this life.

Robert Finn, a young lawyer, recently from Orange county in this State, has created no little excitement among the lawyers of this city by his election to fill the vacancy, on the bench of the *Superior Court*, caused by the death of Judge Oakley. Judge Oakley died last spring, and it was the desire of the remaining judges not to have the vacancy filled until the expiration of the year, so that his widow could draw the salary which would then become due to her husband. Mr. Finn, however, at the State Election in November got some eighty votes to be deposited for him, and after the official canvas was reported took the oath of office and a seat upon the bench of the court. The other judges have ever since declined to acknowledge his claim to the seat, contending that he was not nominated openly and according to statute, and that, therefore, his election was wholly illegal. Mr. Finn, however, in spite of all the opposition he meets with on the bench, continues to appear at the place of court business regularly. He is about 26 years of age.

The Belmon collection of Paintings is now on exhibition here, the proceeds to be given in aid of the poor. The National Academy of design is open for the same good purpose, and a number of other enterprises are going on, the objects of which are to collect a poor fund, or rather a fund for the poor.

There are to be three persons hung in this city next month, if the Governor does not commute their sentences which, doubtless, he will not do. Two are to be hung for murder and one for arson. The Sheriff will have his hands full.

Donnelly, the young man, who was tried and convicted for the murder of Moses, some time ago, in New Jersey, is to be executed on the 8th Jan. Everything that counsel could possibly do to save him from his melancholy end has been done. Appeal after appeal has been taken in the case, but in vain. He will therefore be executed on the day appointed. There is something which appeals to the heart in the case of this unfortunate young man. A physician by profession, a scholar and a person of prepossessing appearance and winning in his manners, it cannot but strike one with sadness when he reflects upon his (Donnelly's) fate. It shows to what extent of crime petty vices will carry one—it shows how weak human nature may be, even in a man whose mind has received the dress of education and who has been brought up morally and religiously. Yet how many young men are there, utterly regardless of themselves, traveling the road of dissipation and crime, onward to the dark and sunless land of perdition. How many a youth who once had the purest motives and impulses—who once promised a mother never to cast off virtue—is now, in forgetfulness of that promise, walking the broad road that leads to death!

TONINGOE.

TAKING THE FIELD.—Parson Brownlow informs the "Border Methodists," some of whom, he says, are cutting up high shines on the subject of slavery in portions of Virginia, that he expects to pass leisurely through the Valley of Virginia, in the next spring, giving the public a few ideas upon slavery, and "the merits of that abolition organization known as the Methodist Episcopal Church, North." The reverend gentleman adds, "we are not *bantering* any one, but as we are the advocate of free thoughts, free speech, free fighting, and a free press, should any conscientious freedom shrieker wish to defend, we will divide time, after the true style of

PRIVATE CORNER.

G. W. C.: We are permitted to present another interesting "Note" this week.—Oliver Goldsmith is a noble subject, nobly handled. Of the writer, it affords us much pleasure to make the following extract from a recent private letter from Mrs. Sigourney: "I was much pleased with an article on Addison, in one of the recent numbers of the 'Times.' You will confer a benefit on the public, by turning their attention to the illustrious writers of an earlier age; and likewise by selections from their standard works, as well as by original articles from the more modern pens."..... R. G. S.: We are truly grateful for your favors, and shall reply by letter in a few days..... LOTTIE LINWOOD: Right glad are we to hear from you again, and especially that we are to be permitted to present our readers, once more, after the long silence of your poetical lyre, the sweet and harmonious measures of its golden strings. We heartily subscribe to your sentiment of Matilda. "I must tell you how much I am pleased with the poems of "Matilda." I know not who she is, but she is *to me* like a sweet bird that sings her low songs as if none but herself and her Maker heard them. If you can take the trouble to write to me again, will you tell me her true name and her address? I should love to tell *her* how beautifully her songs thrill my heart"..... E. O. M.: Another beautiful poem by the author of "Has she any tin?" Please accept of our acknowledgments for this second poem, well worthy to follow the first..... INA CLAYTON: A good strike at flirtations—that's right, for a trifling with the affections is like the offering of sacrifices by unhallowed Priests, a mockery in the sight of high Heaven..... HOMO: Your reflections upon the "old and new year" are quite appropriate, and we are sorry they are crowded out this week. They shall appear next..... Manuscripts by R. S. M., Wilmot, Clarence Melvin and Amycus received, but too late to be examined this week.

☞ The perusal of the letter below afforded us much gratification, not that it excited our *vanity*, but there is a peculiar influence, soothing in its effect, accompanying words of commendation. Upon the *Times* we centre our every worldly care; we devote our means and ability to making it an acceptable and worthy visitor for every Southern family. That it is prized by many ought to be and is gratifying to us; and especially, commendations from one so capable of judging as the writer of the following letter. We publish it not for the benefit of those who have long read the Times, but for such as may happen to see this number for the first.

DECEMBER 25th, 1857.

Messrs. Editors:—I have just received the first number of the new volume of "*The Times*," and can not allow the opportunity to pass by without saying a word or two in relation to it. I have been a reader of "*The Times*," almost from its commencement, and have always regarded it as a very wholesome and acceptable family newspaper. With pleasure I noticed the many improvements which you were continually making in its general appearance, as well as in the quality and variety of the matter contained in it.

It was launched upon the querulous sea of Newspaperdom, a humble, unostentious, unpretending sheet; yet to the careful eye there were unmistakeable evidences of sterling worth combined with that inflexibility of purpose and moral force, which, when properly adhered to and exercised, ultimately lead to success. Observing a strict neutrality in those vexed political and doctrinal questions which have for so long a time distracted our country, and been the means of estranging the feelings of brother from brother, and having in view the moral elevation, instruction, and harmless amusement of its readers, it has boldly and nobly sustained its course, and triumphed over the many obstacles incident to the starting a new paper. It has proved itself an agreeable companion, and a worthy champion of the Literature of the "Old North State." Sustained by an order of talent and a host of able contributors, from all parts of our great country, of which scarcely a literary paper in our land can boast, it has progressed, and kept advancing, in worth and excellence, until it has become the ablest literary paper in the South, and in every way worthy of a very liberal patronage. I certainly hope it may meet with a success commensurate with its merits and be a source of profit to its publishers. Very cordially yours,

GEO. W. COTHRAN.

THE UTAH ARMY:—The St. Louis *Republican*, of the 23rd December, has the following:

The expresses which have recently arrived at Fort Leavenworth from the army of the West, bring information that the whole force, with the exception of Colonel Cooke's command, had concentrated on Black's Fork, and were moving towards Fort Bridger, from which they were distant only a few miles. The progress of the army was exceedingly slow, sometimes making only two or three miles a day, and then encamping in the night. The horses, mules, and animals were giving out daily and it is not worth while to conceal the fact that all the animals will perish this winter. While this is the case, it is satisfactory to know that the troops would soon be in a position where they could bid defiance to the Mormons, and the elements would not harm them. The supply trains had all arrived and were in company with the military, and there would be an abundance of provisions for the whole army. Fort Bridger, it will be recollected, is one hundred and thirteen miles from Great Salt Lake City, but between that fort and the city all the great obstacles to the march are interposed. The drifting snow fills up the *canons* and passes, and an impassable barrier is presented to the march of the troops until next spring.

A report having gained some currency that two companies of the fifth infantry had met with some reverses on the route to Utah, the particular character of which is not stated, we are warranted in saying, by the letters received at Forth Leavenworth, that there is no foundation for any such statement.

We are gratified to learn that there are thirty-five companies of United States troops in Kansas, the whole of which may be put in readiness for a march across the plains by the middle of April next.—These can be followed by the new regiments, a large portion of whom, it must always be borne in mind, must be detained to escort the provision and baggage-trains.

DEATHS AND MARRIAGES IN PETERSBURG.—The total number of deaths in Petersburg for the year 1857 was 224—male 112, female 112; a coincidence somewhat remarkable. The total number of marri-

MARRIED,

In this place, on Wednesday, December 30th 1857, by Rev. C. M. Pepper, WILLIAM VANSTORY and Miss NANCY HUGHES.

In this place, on the 23rd ult., by James F. Jollee Esq., Mr. JOHN W. S. PARKER, to Miss MARY CLARK, all of Guilford.

Tribute of Respect.

At a called meeting of Patrick Henry Lodge, No. 140, it being announced that bro. EDWIN WATSON, a member of Greensboro Lodge, departed this life on the 10th inst, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions, expressive of our feelings

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, it has pleased an All-wise Providence in his inscrutable dispensation, to call from our midst our beloved brother Edwin Watson, a member of Greensboro, N. C., and whereas, we feel it to be our privilege, although he was not a member of our Lodge, to express our high appreciation of his character as a man and a mason, and to join ourselves with his bereaved wife and family and our brethren of Greensboro Lodge; in deploring the loss of one who was so emphatically a kind husband, true friend and affectionate brother. Therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply regret the loss of our worthy brother, and we will cherish his memory, and revere and emulate his virtues; while we cheerfully submit to the will of that infinitely wise and merciful Being, who has called him away from the scenes of earth; in the confident hope, that his immortal spirit perfected by the power of Divine Grace, will be translated to a state of unfading bliss in "That house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

Resolved, That by his death the Masonic Fraternity has lost a member, well tried and faithful, who in life discharged with uprightness and fidelity his trust as a man and a mason.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his bereaved wife, widowed mother, relatives and friends in the loss they have sustained, and commend them to the supreme architect of the universe, as the only sure ground of hope, and the only true source of consolation, under the trials and afflictions, to which all are subject "during our pilgrimage through this vale of tears."

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be sent to the widow and mother of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That a copy be sent to the Editors of the Times and the Patriot & Flag be requested to publish the same.

THOS. J. HUGHES,
WM. C. STAPLES,
WM. L. PENN,
} Com.

Penn's Store, Va., Dec. 12, '57.

TO CLEAN BRASS.—Rub the tarnished or rusted brass, by means of a cloth or sponge, with diluted acid, such as the sulphuric, or even with strong venegar. Afterwards wash it with hot water to remove the acid, and finish with dry whiting.

WANTED, AT THIS OFFICE, A boy of good moral habits, 14 or 15 years of age, as an apprentice to the printing business. A good English education required. January, 1858.

THE GEORGIA EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL, *the Teacher's Assistant and Pupil's Friend*, ought to be in the hands of every teacher and pupil who wish to make the best possible improvement of his time and talent.

Publsshed *weekly* in Quarto form in Forsyth, Ga., at $2.00 per annum, or $1.00 for 6 months.

Address "Georgia Educational Journal," Forsyth, Ga. 8w.

Cured by Wistar's Balsam.—Read the following from the Kinderhook (N. Y.) Sentinel, dated July 31:—A remarkable cure of Consumption has recently been effected by this medicine, in the town of Chatham, in this county and which was related to us by Dr. Herrick, an eminent physician of that town, to whom we have permission to refer. A young lady who had long labored under an affection of the lungs was considered by her friends as beyond the reach of medicine, and she was informed by her medical attendant that she must die. She was induced to send for a bottle of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, as a last resort. The young lady experienced great relief and two more bottles were successively procured and administered. She is now happy in the restoration of health."

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

PRINTING & WRAPPING PAPER.—The undersigned are prepared at all times to manufacture Printing Paper of firstrate quality—and of any size used in this State, and at prices to suit the times.

We have on hand a large stock of excellent Wrapping Paper, of various sizes and at reduced prices. This Wrapping is widely known as the best manufactured in the State. We will take pleasure in filling all orders—large or small.

R. G. Lindsay, Esq., is our authorized agent for Greensboro.

R. L. PATTERSON, & Co.

Salem N. C. Jan. 1st, 1858. 104-2m.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy,
For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

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No.		No.		No.	
1	$67.76	27	$69.52	53	$88.00
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4	66.88	30	106.48	56	79.20
5	115.28	31	76.56	57	102.08
6	83.60	32	81.84	58	54.56
7	71.28	33	134.64	59	92.40
8	73.92	34	124.96	60	62.48
9	73.92	35	51.04	61	60.72
10	68.64	36	125.84	62	55.44
11	61.60	37	93.04	63	62.48
12	61.60	38	151.36	64	52.80
13	45.76	39	28.16	65	61.60
14	53.68	40	59.84	66	48.40
15	60.72	41	73.04	67	59.84
16	89.76	42	102.96	68	62.48
17	64.24	43	70.40	69	24.64
18	66.00	44	45.76	70	35.20
19	79.20	45	63.36	71	100.32
20	19.36	46	75.68	72	46.64
21	66.00	47	59.84	73	45.76
22	82.72	48	71.28	74	69.52
23	119.68	49	42.24	75	65.12
24	95.04	50	115.28	76	40.48
25	58.08	51	37.84		
26	71.28	52	78.92		

103. E. W. OGBURN, Ch'n B. Sup'ts.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE Seminary.—The next session of this School will commence on Monday the 11th January next, and continue five months.

The course of instruction is thorough, embracing all the branches usually taught in Female Schools of the highest grade.

Having secured the services of the Misses Westbrook & Lynch, whose success in teaching is a sufficient guarantee of their qualifications. We therefore hope still to merit a large share of public patronage.

Terms the same as heretofore.

E. F. WATSON.

Dec. 17th, 1857. 103—4w

FRANGIPANI, AN ETERNAL Perfume. The perfume bearing the above name is undoubtedly one of the most gratifying to the olfactory nerve ever yet discovered.

Call at Porter's Drug Store where you can get it in any of its variety of forms—with a great variety of other popular perfumes and Toilet articles.

THE NORTH-CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION,

Devoted to the general interests of Education, in all its grades, is published in neat pamphlet form, on the 1st of every month at the following rates:

Single Copy, 1 year..... $ 2.00
6 Copies, " to one address, 10.00

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☞ *All communications should be addressed to the Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

Persons sending $3 will receive a copy of the *Journal* and a copy of the *Times*, for one year.

Opinions of the Press.

We make the following extracts from the notices, of the first No. of the N. C. Journal of Education, in our exchanges:

"The Journal will prove of service to the State, and we recommend all who are interested in the progress of Education in North Carolina to subscribe."—*Wilmington Herald.*

"The cause of Education will form the burden of its efforts. The present number is one of much promise, and from the number and character of the Editors, we may look for a very valuable publication."—*Wilmington Commercial.*

The Central Presbyterian, published in Richmond Va., after mentioning a number of the Board of Editors says—"These names are a pledge to the public that the journal will be conducted with ability,—and from their diversified position over an extensive field they can the more effectually present their views, experiences, and observations, for the common benefit of all. The design of the work is *practical*. * * * The field, is a large and diversified one; and such a work can scarcely fail to have an auspicious bearing upon the cause of education not only in North Carolina, but in other States. And here we may be permitted to remark that very few are aware of the progress which North Carolina has made during the last twenty years, in the cause of education. * * * For ourselves we are not at all envious of North Carolina, because of her having first embarked in this enterprise; but we wish her God speed in every noble undertaking, for the enlightenment and elevation of her people."

We might multiply the extracts, but our friends have already seen many of them and we have not room for more.

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THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.

Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

1858—TURNER'S NORTH CAROLINA Almanac for 1858, for sale by
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GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger, Ear-rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Porte Monnaies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

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CARRIAGE FOR SALE. A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

BEULAH MALE INSTITUTE, Madison, N. C. The Second Session of this Institution will begin on Wednesday, January 6th, and close on the first Thursday in June.—Students will be prepared for any class in College, or for the practical duties of life. The discipline will be firm, and such as to secure diligence in study, and commendable deportment.

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FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—R. N. Caldwell has just received his neat and well selected assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Druggs, Paints and Die Stuffs, Castings, Cedar and willow wares, all of which he offers on the most reasonable terms and earnestly solicits his friends, and the trading community to an examination of his stock

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WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
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And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

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GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL, J. D. CAMPBELL, A. M., *Principal.*—The next Session of this School will commence on the first Monday in January, 1858. Terms as heretofore.

For particulars address the principal, Greensboro', N. C.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—Cole & Ami's have discovered they can sell Goods cheaper for cash by at least 25 per cent. than they have formerly been sold at in this section of county. They are now receiving a large addition to their stock of Groceries and Domestic Dry Goods, consisting of Sugars, Coffees, Molasses, Cheese, Salt, and Liquors of all kinds, Confectionaries, Fruits preserved and dried, both in Syrup and Brandy. Also, a large stock of Domestic Dry Goods, Shirting, Sheeting, Bleached Domestics, Heavy-drilled Domestics, Linsies, Kersies, Jeans of superior quality and variety, and a large stock of Calico prints, Shoes, &c., &c., &c.

Call and examine before you purchase elsewhere, and the difference cannot but be perceived. Country Merchants will find it to their interest to give us a call as we will sell for a very small advance on cost. Give us a trial.

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Dec. 1857

JUST TO HAND a new supply of miscellaneous, and School Books, Ann[illegible]

THE TIMES

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Thro' the long and weary Day.

BY MATILDA.

Through the long and weary day
She has suffered bitter pain,
And the sunshine is withdrawn
And the night is come again,
While the hand of tender love
Sprinkles o'er her slumber deep:
Blessed Father thou art kind
Thus to give thy children sleep.

O, if from our earthly home
Thou dost call our treasured one,
If her dream of life must close,
If her work on earth is done,
Fold her gentle hands in thine,
Take her head upon thy breast;
Let her sleep, but, Lord, in thine
Let our darling sink to rest.

Peaceful then her heart will be,
Calm and shadowless her brow,
Hushed will be her pulse that throbs
With such bitter anguish now:
And not far the way will be
That divides her heart from mine—
Lord thy will is just and right,
Take her she is only thine.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Farmer's Daughter.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER I.

It is a cold, dark and dreary morning in the depths of winter; the keen north wind sweeps onward, and as the pedestrians feel its sting, they wrap still closer around them, their garments, to protect them from the elements. Though all is desolate, yet to some, the cold without affords pleasure, when contrasted with the warmth within, and such is the case with old farmer Hardy, as he turns from the cheerless scene, and gazes upon the comforts of his own house. A large fire is burning in the old chimney, whose glare lights up the faces of the portraits hanging upon the wall, and gives a sick glow to the ancient furniture in the room.

Farmer Hardy is a man well to do in the world, Providence has blessed his crops, and his coffers are well filled with the gold of earth, but yet his heart is closed to the appeals of the poor. He is blessed with a lovely daughter—his only child—in whom is centred the whole of his affections.

She is indeed beautiful, and as she sits there in the old chamber, by the side of the roaring fire, one might fancy that she was an "angel of light," lost among the scenes of earth. Her heart is always open to the sufferings of the needy, and her hand always ready to assist their wants, and there is not one within the range of the old farm house, but speaks the praise of Amelia Hardy.

The old farmer is gazing upon her graceful form with feelings of delight, as she sits by his side sewing, and as he gazes upon the frost which clusters upon the window-panes, he rubs his hands as if exulting in his comforts, and says—

"'Tis bitter cold, my child."

"Yes, indeed, it is very cold," replies his daughter, "but we feel not its severity."

"No—thank God, for he has given us the comforts of life."

"Father," says the young girl, "how miserable must be those who have no home—no fire—no friends."

The old man is about to reply—perhaps to give vent to empty words of commiseration, but, see,—a shadow crosses the window—a knock is heard at the door, and a man clothed in rags enters.

Misery is stamped upon every feature of his pale, thin face—poverty can be seen in every fluttering of his tatter'd garment—want is showing its ghostliness in the dim and lustreless eyes—while Starvation and its train of horrors are seen in his feeble steps, emaciated form, and weak and trembling voice.

If there is one thing which farmer Hardy detests above all others, it is to be pestered with applicants for assistance, it matters not whether the supplicant be worthy or not, he is certain to meet with a refusal of his petition.

The man, as we said before, enters, he is shivering with the cold, for his clothing is too thin to protect his form, and he gazes upon the fire with feelings of bitterness, for it recalls to him the desitution of his home. He turns to the old farmer, who is leaning back in a cushioned chair, and in a tone of entreaty mingled with agony, thus supplicates—

"Please, sir, I am out of work, could you assist a poor man? I am not accustomed to beg, but sickness and want have driven me to it."

"I have nothing for you," roars the farmer, and he pokes the blazing fire before him.

"If it is only a trifle," persists the man humbly, "my family is starving. I can get no work, and without help we shall die of cold and hunger."

The heart of the daughter is moved to compassion, she regrets the cold refusal of her father, and rising from her seat, she says—

"Poor man—I think, father, I have some things which might be of service; and she is about to go after them, when the old man cries out—

"Silence girl. Go away, you vagabond—I never encourage beggars."

"I am no beggar," says the man, "I have been unable to get work, and now depend on the charitable. When spring sets in I shall be able to obtain employment at my trade, which is—a house carpenter—but until then I crave assistance. A little, you would not miss—and it would be to me a blessing."

"I tell you once, for all, leave my house—begone."

The poor man goes with sorrow in his heart, to strive to find a kinder soul than farmer Hardy.

"Father," says the daughter, after the mendicant was gone, "we have plenty—and why not assist the poor? That poor man is worthy, he is only unfortunate, not guilty of crime; we might have helped him, and never missed it."

"I shall have no beggars encouraged at my house," is the harsh reply, "if Jones is in want, let him apply to the trustees of the Alms House."

Amelia does not reply, her thoughts are wandering to the desolate home of the poor man, and her mind is engaged in forming plans for his assistance.

CHAPTER II.

Henry Jones is ill fitted for the trade of a beggar, and it is the wants of his family which alone urges him on. Leaving farmer Hardy's, he once more braved contempt and scorn, but all in vain. Yes, all in vain, for during the day, not one speaks to him in kindly tones, he is repulsed by all. Weary and worn he turns his steps homewards, the midnight of despair is raging in his soul, and as he thinks of his starving wife and children, bitter tears are falling upon his cheeks.

Amelia Hardy, in the meantime, is not idle. The last words of her father are not answered, for she is planning means to relieve the destitution of the unfortunate. The old farmer, after a few moments' silence, lights his pipe, and is soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. He thinks upon his lot in life, and compares it with that of neighbor Jones, and chuckles at the cleverness which has put him in possession of his wealth. While thus engaged in meditation, his daughter steals from the room, to put in practical operation her plans to relieve the sufferings of the needy.

She had recognized the man who implored assistance from her father, and was deeply grieved at his refusal. She is therefore resolved to aid him, and lessen the distress of his family. She calls the servant, and, see, she loads her with the comforts and luxuries of life. A basket is filled with bread and meat, tea and sugar, together with some old clothes, and thus with their burden they proceed on their journey. It is two long miles before she reaches the point of destination, and the cold is most bitter, but what cares this noble woman? She is on an errand of mercy, and the warmth of the fires of love which glow within her heart, spreads its genial influence through her frame. She murmurs not at the cold blast which howls around her, for her thoughts are of the extreme suffering of those, to whom she was hastening with assistance, and the thankfulness which she felt for her own blessings shed a warm glow around her heart.

At last she reached the cottage of Henry Jones. But what a scene of misery meets her eyes—greater even than she had anticipated. The walls are damp and bear, nothing but a bed of straw and a rickety table together with two or three broken chairs, make up the furniture; hungry faces peep from every corner and scanty clothing, bare walls, and a fireless hearth are the evils which follow in the train of Poverty. As Amelia gazes upon this scene of woe, she weeps, and mingles her tears with those of the famishing mother. But a light breaks in upon the scene of darkness—the "silver lining" is discerned beneath the black cloud which so long has hovered over them, and hope's bright rainbow is bending itself around the hearts of all. Like an angel of mercy, Amelia takes the basket, and as she lifts off the cover, the children gather around her, and smiles light up the mother's face. Food is given to the hungry, clothing to the thinly clad, and tea and sugar and other luxuries to the invalid. Soon a fire is kindled upon the hearth, and as its flames rise upwards, they reflect the beaming countenances of the happy group. Overwhelmed with thanks—the kind messenger of help withdrew.

Long and anxiously, Mrs. Jones is watching for the return of her husband, to welcome him back to the long unknown luxuries of a comfortable meal, and a warm fireside.

Night is upon the earth—but see, the absent one enters. There is a strange gleam in his eye, and a wildness in his demeanor, but they see it not. As he enters he gazes around him, and knows not what to make of the scene; to all his questions they but answer, by placing the food before him, for well they know he needed it.

"But how came food and fire within *our* house?" he again demands.

"God has sent one of his angels to assist us," is the reply.

"Who is it that has taken such an interest in us?" he says in low tones—for his heart was full.

"Miss Hardy, the friend of the poor, has been here, and all you see we owe to her."

There were rejoicings in that house of poverty, and the prayers of two souls were wafted to the throne of God, for her whose noble heart feared not the beggar, and who saw in the pale and suffering forms, a personification of God's own image.

Would to God that in this world of ours, were more of those angels of earth, who fear no contamination or disgrace in alleviating the stings of poverty.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Affectionately Inscribed to Mattie Melnotte *during her absence.*

BY CLAUDE.

Oh, could I crush this sadness out
From my poor weary heart,
And bid the voice of cheerfulness
Its music to impart,
As in those days when hope's bright star
Shed forth its dazzling ray
And cheered me on with buoyant step
To tread life's rugged way.

This vacancy within my breast
Rings forth a hollow chime;
This strange, wild beating of the heart
Keeps sad, discordant time;
While day by day I struggle on
New trials to o'er come,
'Till Hope's dim eye no longer sees
Beyond the thick'ning gloom.

I would not have thy heart
Grow sadder for my strain—
'Twere better that my voice be mute,
My harp-strings rent in twain;
I would not have one smile of joy
Give place to sterner woe—
Too many sighs are daily breathed,
Too many tear-drops flow.

A sweet, sad pleasure thrills the soul,
To think I hear thy voice
Breathe words of hope and sympathy
To bid the heart rejoice;
It may not pluck from out the breast
One thorn of pain or care,
But it will plant another flower
To shed its fragrance there!

The hallowed "priest of Posey"
May spurn each offering given,
'Till from its restless, yearing heart
The last faint hope is riven.
Why should I grieve? 'Tis not for fame
This earnest cry so vain,
Give me the voice of sympathy—
Give back past hopes again.

Oh, give me youth's glowing visions back,
Give back my fruitless years,
Give me thy congenial heart
To share life's hopes and fears;
Then will I string my harp anew,
And strike its chords again,
And fling upon the passing breeze
A light and lovely strain.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Health for Children.—Three times as many children die in cities as in the country, and half the children born do not reach ten years. Such a result could never have been intended by the wise and kind Maker of us all. A different result must be brought about by the exercise of the reason which is implanted in all parents, and which, if properly cultivated and practiced in the light of our times, would soon work a wonderful change in infantile mortality.

1. Children should sleep in separate beds, on mattresses of straw or shucks of corn.

2. Require them to go to bed at a regular early hour, and let them have the amount of sleep they can take, allowing them in no case whatever to be waked up.

3. Except a rug beside the bed, there should be no carpet on the floor of their chamber, no bed or window curtains, no clothing of any description hanging about, no furniture beyond a dressing-table and a few chairs, no standing fluids except a glass of water, and nothing at all in the way of food, or plants, or flowers. In short, a chamber should be the cleanest, driest, coolest, lightest, and most barren room in the house, in order to secure the utmost purity of air possible.

4. Make it your duty to keep your children out of doors every hour possible from breakfast-time until sundown; for every five minutes so spent in joyous play increases the probabilities of a healthful old age.

5. Let them eat at regular hours, and nothing between meals; eating thus, never stint them: let them partake of plain substantial food until satisfied. Multitudes of children are starved into dyspepsia. The last meal of the day should be at least two hours before retiring.

6. Dress children warmly, woollen flannel next their persons during the whole year. By every consideration protect the extremities well. It is an ignorant barbarism which allows a child to have bare arms, and legs, and feet, even in summer. The circulation should be invited to the extremities: warmth does that, cold repels it. It is at the hands and feet we begin to die. Those who have cold hands and feet are never well. Plenty of warmth, plenty of substantial food and ripe fruits, plenty of sleep, and plenty of out-door exercise, would save millions of children annually.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Beef.—The grain of ox beef, when good, is loose, the meat red, and the fat inclining to yellow. Cow beef, on the contrary, has a closer grain, a whiter fat, but meat scarcely as red as that of ox beef. Inferior beef, which is meat obtained from illfed animals, or from those which had become too old for food, may be known by a hard skinny fat, a dark red lean, and, in old animals, a line of horny texture running through the meat of the ribs. When meat pressed by the finger rises up quickly, it may be considered as that of an animal which was in its prime; when the dent made by pressure returns slowly, or remains visible, the animal had probably past its prime, and the meat consequently must be of inferior quality.

Plantain Leaves.—It would seem upon the authority of a corresponent of the Boston Traveller that toads are sometimes bitten by poisonous spiders, upon which they immediately nip a plantain leaf, and experience no harm; whereas, if they cannot get the leaf, they soon swell up and die. Plantain leaves are often applied externally to cure the sting of a bee or wasp, and if the statement about the toad be true, it seems likely that the juice of the plant taken inwardly might be a good remedy for more dangerous poisons.

Eggs for Burns.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems to us far preferable to collodion or even cotton.

Cats in the Nursery.—The prevailing belief that a cat "will draw a baby's breath" is not wholly unfounded. In the winter time a cat will coil up upon the warmest spot in the room, and if that spot happen to be the face of some careless mother's young infant, a death in the family by smothering is by no means an improbable event.

To Clean Silk.—Pare and slice thin three washed Irish potatoes. Pour on them a half pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold. Strain the water and add an equal quantity of alcohol. Sponge the silk on the right side, and when half dry iron it on the wrong side. The lightest colored silk may be cleansed and brightened by this process; also cloth, velvet, or crape.

To Clean Black Cloth Clothes.—Clean the garments well; then boil four ounces of logwood in a boiler or copper containing two or three gallons of water, for half an hour. Dip the clothes in warm water, and squeeze dry; then put them into the copper and boil for half an hour. Take them out, and add three drachms of sulphate of iron; boil for half an hour, then take them out, and hang them up for an hour or two; take them down, rinse them in three cold waters, dry well and rub with a soft brush which has had a few drops of olive oil rubbed on its surface.—If the clothes are threadbare about the elbows, cuffs, &c., raise the nap with a teazel or half worn hatter's card, filled with flocks, and when sufficiently raised, lay the nap the right way with a hard brush.—We have seen our old coats come out with a wonderful dash of respectability after this operation.

To Cook Oysters.—Butter a saucer of shallow dish, and spread over it a layer or crumbled bread, a quarter of an inch thick; shake a little pepper and salt, and then place the oysters on the crumbs; pour over also all the liquor that can be saved in opening oysters; and then fill up the saucer or dish with bread-crumbs, a little more pepper and salt, and a few lumps of butter here and there at the top, and bake half an hour, or an hour, according to the size. The front of a nice clear fire is the best situation; but if baked inside the oven, the dish should be set for a few minutes in front to brown the bread.

To Clean Black Cloth Clothes.—Clean the garments well; then boil four ounces of logwood in a boiler or copper containing two or three gallons of water, for half an hour. Dip the clothes in warm water, and squeeze dry; then put them into the copper and boil for half an hour. Take them out, and add three drachms of sulphate of iron; boil for half an hour, then take them out, and hang them up for an hour or two; take them down, rinse them in three cold waters, dry well and rub with a soft brush which has had a few drops of olive oil rubbed on its surface.—If the clothes are threadbare about the elbows, cuffs, &c., raise the nap with a teazel or half worn hatter's card, filled with flocks, and when sufficiently raised, lay the nap the right way with a hard brush.—We have seen our old coats come out with a wonderful dash of respectability after this operation.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting makes the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Arithmetical Question, 2nd.—A son having asked his father's age, the father thus replied: "Your age is 15 years, to which if ⅓ of both our ages be added the sum will be equal to 5-9 of my age." What was the father's age? This question should be solved anylitically. M.

Answer next week.

Ans. to Question 1.—The distance of shooting was 68yds. 2ft. 3in. M.

Why should a sailor always know what o' clock it is? Because he's always going to sea.

"Anger," says Dr. Thomas Fuller, "is one of the sinews of the soul—he that wanteth it hath a maimed mind, and like Jacob, whose sinews shrunk in the hollow of his thigh, must needs halt. Nor is it good to converse with such as cannot be angry, and, like the Caspian Sea, never ebb nor flow." In phrenological parlance the good bumps predominating, but still with a sufficiency of the devil in him to keep a rascally word at arm's-length!

Doing it Thoroughly.—A lady, on separating from her husband, changed her religion; being determined, she said, to avoid his company in this world and the next too.

PARODY.

When merchants fondly trust to paper,
And find too late that banks betray,
What art can help them through the scrape, or
Suggest the means wherewith to pay?

The only way to stop each croaker,
And pay the banks to whom they trust;
To bring repentance to the broker,
And wring his bosom, is "to bust."

It was Napoleon who says, "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good headwork done I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and head together."

A great curse of American society is the folly, or, in many instances, rather the crime, of appearance making. How many ruined families might be well-doing and happily circumstanced but for this folly! How many a crime would never have been committed had it not been for this social curse!

The public seems to delight in deception; for, let any man write or speak out a truism, if it comes clash with any generally received whim or prejudice, he is sure to get a slap in the chops with a dish cloth! How is that? Simply, because the great majority of men hate the truth however much they may affect the contrary, and consequently are not the free men they assume to be.

A man may think well, and yet not act wisely. The power to see what is right is vey different from the power of doing it. A man of moral energy will accomplish more with a little knowledge than a man of inferior will, with much; and strength of will is generally acquired by struggling with difficulties in early life.

A rural poet, in describing his lady-love says; "She is graceful as a water-lily, while her breath smells like an armful of clover."

To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A letter describes it thus: Buy everything you don't want; pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; hate the country; adore the city; read novels; neglect your children; nurse lap-dogs, and go to church every time you get a new shawl.

There is now a new salute extant by the witty of our country, when addressed by a friend whom they consider doubtful.—Here it is:

"Friend, how are you?"

"As good as brandy, but not so well liked," is the reply.

The young lady who burst into tears, has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent a recurrence of the accident.

Never despair in adversity. Work and presevere. When the wheel is turning round, the bottom must turn up—somewhere.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we would find in each man's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostilities.

Innocence.—A stripling, some eight years of age, was engaged in the manufacture of a stool, which, on account of the disparity of the lenghth of the legs, refused to stand up.

"Mother," said he, "does the Lord see everything?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well," replied the young hopeful, "then I guess he'll laugh when he sees this stool."

Is it So—Ladies?—A cotemporary thus describes "a fashionable call and reception."

'How do you do, my dear?'

'Putty well, thank you,' (they kiss.)

"How have you been this age?'

'Putty well. How have you been?'

'Very well, thank you.'

'Pleasant day?'

'Yes, very bright but we had a shower yesterday.'

'Are all your people well?'

'Quite well thank you, how are yonr's?'

'Very well, I'm obliged to you?'

'Have you seen Mary B———lately?'

'No, but I've seen Susan C———?'

'You don't say so! Is she well?'

'Very well, I believe' (Rising.)

'Must you go?'

'Yes, indeed, I have seven calls to make.'

'Do call again soon?'

'Thank you—but you don't call on me in an age.'

'O, you should not say so; I'm sure I'm very good,'

'Good bye.'

'Good bye,' (They kiss.)

We advise every one suffering from Dyspepsia or debility in any of its forms, to use the Oxygenated Bitters, a medicine more favorably known than any remedy ever discovered for the positive cure of

CALENDAR FOR 1858.

	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
JANUARY,						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
FEBRUARY,	1	2	3	4	5	6	
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28						
MARCH,	1	2	3	4	5	6	
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
APRIL,					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
MAY,							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
JUNE,			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
JULY,					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
AUGUST,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
SEPTEMBER,				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
OCTOBER,						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
NOVEMBER,	1	2	3	4	5	6	
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
DECEMBER,				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	

THE TIMES:
A LITERARY & FAMILY PAPER, published for the south
Having a large list of the best writers, its contents are mostly original—containing Original Stories History, Biography, Science, Agriculture, Education, Poetry and News.
Published weekly at $2, by OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT Greensboro, N. C.
Specimens sent gratis.

BARGAINS—The Best and Cheapest Goods in Market, at S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving his Fall stock of ready made Clothing, Overcoats, Shawls, Comforts, Shirts, Drawers, Crava's, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Collars, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.
S. ARCHER.
East Market st., Greensboro. Oct 7th.

SUSPENDED NOTES ON NORTH CAROLINA Banks taken at par for goods at S. ARCHER'S.
Oct. 26.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!
Just to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.
Also,
SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

"MITCHELL'S FALLS."—This ELEGANT LITHOGRAPH, copied from an Ambrotype taken from Nature, giving a perfect view of the Falls and surrounding scenery, is now ready for delivery. It is a picture ten by fourteen inches—finished in "tints," and colored to nature in the finest style of the Art, accompanied by a "Key" and "Memorial," on a separate sheet, giving the principal incidents relating to the Falls, and a brief outline of Dr. Mitchell's Birth, Life and Death. It is published by James M. Edney, of New York, in "Tints," or "Colored," at the following prices:
In "Tints," without frame and glass, $2 00
Colored to nature " " " 3 00
In "Tints," Pictures and Key framed in gilt and Glass, 3 00
Colored to nature " " " 4 00
A limited number having been published, all persons desiring a copy would do well to order immediately, as the first impressions are the best, and the supply may fall short of the demand.
JAMES M. EDNEY,
(103:tf) 56 John st., N. Y.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.
JAMES M. HUGHES.
March 12, 1857.

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE HAS taken a room in Messrs. J. & F. Garret's New Brick building, second story, and expects to be able to accommodate all who may want Bonnets Bleached and Dressed. She will also make Ladie's Dresses, or Gentlemen's Coats, Pants, Vests. All work will be done in good style and on moderate terms.
Room No. 3, second story, J. & F. Garrett's New Brick Building.
Oct 27th. (44.)

FRESH ARRIVALS. Per Schr. L. P. Smith, from New York,
50 Boxes prime Cheese,
10 Kegs Goshen Butter,
10 Bbls City Mess Pork,
5 " Leaf Lard. Good weights and measures given. Low for cash.

HESPERIAN HARP, THE LARGEST and one of the best NOTE BOOKS in use, by Rev. Wm. Hauser, M.D., for sale at the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO.

HAWKS' HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA for sale at the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.
July, 1856.
Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.
Also,
Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes, Sinclair's Little Champion, & Leavelt's improved Young America. } Corn & Cob Crushers.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Sheilers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) Raleigh, N. C.

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.
Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*
He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR Sale a very large and splendid stock of Jewelry, consisting of Breastpins and Ear Rings of every description, Finger Rings, Lockets, Charms, Bracelets, Neck Chains, Chatelain and guard Chains, Gold Crosses, Gold and Silver Thimbles, Gold and Silver Spectacles, some very fine vest and Fob Chains.
Also a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, finer than ever offered for sale here, which will be sold very low for cash.
OTTO HUBER,
(successor to A. P. Eckle.)
Dec. 2, 1857. 100-3m.

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.
ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) Raleigh, N. C.

WHEAT.—THE SUBSCRIBER will pay CASH for good WHEAT delivered at the depot at this place. Bring on your samples. E. W. OGBURN, Agent for Simmons & Clark, Greensboro, N. C.
Sept., 1857.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anker Brand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.
R. G. LINDSAY,
April, 1857. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—R. G. LINDSAY, (Northeast corner of Elm and Market streets,) would invite the attention of his customers and the community generally to his well selected and carefully purchased stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, consisting of almost every variety of articles suitable for the season.
Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds and Jeans, N. C. Kerseys, twilled and plain Northern Linsey, &c., Ladies' Dress Goods—in variety—Merinoes, Figured and Plain de Laines, all Wool Plaids, &c., &c., Cloaks, Shawls and Scarfs, Ginghams and Prints, Fine Bed Blankets, Negro ditto.
A full supply of Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Andirons, Spades, Shovels and Forks.
Coffees, Sugars, Teas, green and black, Carpetings, Rugs and Door Mats, Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, &c., &c., &c.
Rock Island Jeans and Cassimeres, Kerseys—Bolting Cloths, Burr Mill Stones, Grindstones. R. G. LINDSAY.
Oct. 17, 1857. (94:tf)

MARBLE YARD.
NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,
Greensboro, N. C.
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
HEINRICH.
Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS,
Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.
They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.
The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.
They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.
January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dred;" Magdelane Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

New Books just received at the Book Store.
Lena Rivers, Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
The Heiress of Greenhurst, Mrs. Stephenson.
Adam Graeme of Mossgray, by the Author of Zaidee.
Indigenous Races of the Earth.
Inquire Within, or 3700 facts for the people.
For sale by E. W. OGBURN & Co.

SOMETHING NEW!
A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!
MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Country produce taken in exchange at

JOB WORK.
Having just added to our hitherto large and well-selected Job Office, a magnificent assortment of Plain & Fancy Job TYPE, we are confident that we can execute ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING IN THE BEST STYLE FOR THE LEAST MONEY OF ANY OFFICE IN THE STATE. Persons wishing
Pamphlets, Circulars, Hand-Bills,
Business-Cards, Visiting-Cards, Bill-Heads,
Or any thing else in the Printing line, would do well to try us once.

BLANKS.
We have just printed, on a very good article of Foot's Cap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of
Blank Warrants, Ca Sa Bonds, Attachts.
Writs, Executions, Land Deeds,
Deeds of Trust, Witness Tickets, Juror Tickets,
Land Entries, Subpœnas, Ca Sas,
Com. for Depositions, Writs to sell Land, &c. &c.
Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.
☞ For Jobs or Blanks, address or call on
OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
West Market Street, Greensboro N.C.

THE BRITISH REVIEWS, AND Blackwood's Magazine.—Great Inducements to subscribe!—Premiums and Reductions.—L. SCOTT & CO., N. Y., continue to publish the following leading British Periodicals, viz:

1 The London Quarterly (Conservative.)
2 The Edinburgh Review (Whig.)
3 The North British Review (Free Church.)
4 The Westminster Review (Liberal.)
5 Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory.)

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